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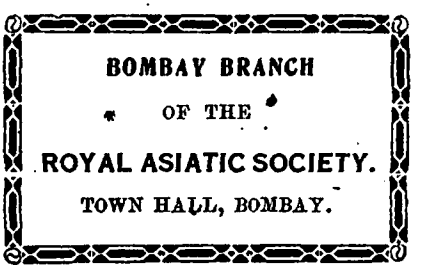

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THE

PHILANTHROPE:

AFTER THE MANNER OF

A PERIODICAL PAPER.

44793

Humani nihil a me alienum puto.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

LETTERS have ſometimes been publiſhed that never were diſpatched, or intended to be diſpatched; dramatic performances that were never exhibited on any theatre; ſpeeches that were never ſpoken; and even ſermons that were never preached. In like manner, Eſſays, and Views of Human Nature, may be offered to the Public, after the manner of Periodical Papers, though they were not originally publiſhed with ſuch peculiarity of form, or at different times.

In this publication, the diſcuſſion of political queſtions has been carefully avoided. Such ſubjects are, no doubt, of great importance; and are, at preſent, very faſhionable. Yet it cannot be denied, that unleſs they be very judiciouſly managed, they have a tendency to pervert the temper, embitter the diſpoſitions, and ſpoil the

good-humour of ſocial life. It may therefore be of ſome ſervice to aim at inſtructing or entertaining the Public, without admitting any ſubject that may have an effect to deſtroy that amiable ſoftneſs which the culture of claſſical literature (if the expreſſion may be uſed on the preſent occaſion) and of moral knowledge are calculated to promote.

For any further particulars reſpecting the writers, or deſign of this volume, the Reader is referred to ſuch occaſional notices as may occur in the work itſelf, and eſpecially in the firſt and ſecond Numbers.

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THE

ERRATA.

Page 26. line 20. *for* one royal ſolitary *read* one ſolitary royal
33. — 20. *for* properties *read* proprieties
54. — 2. *for* being *read* be
56. — 8. *for* what hideous *read* what a hideous
72. — 1. *for* impetuoſo *read* Impetuoſo
75. — 16. *for* courage *read* carriage
108. — 10. *for* Æetes *read* Aiætes
128. — 21. *for* than a *read* than that of a
129. — 14. *for* neglect *read* praiſe
138. — 11. *for* adminiſtrating *read* adminiſtering
151. paſſim, *for* Anſter *read* Auſter
155. — 17. *ſtrike out the word* his
ibid. — penult. *for* noble *read* notable
160. — 15. *for* in choice *read* in the choice
165. — 23. *ſtrike out the full point after* Orators
214. — 4. *for* numbers *read* members
268. — 9. *for* poſſeſſions *read* paſſions
280. — 11. *for* friendſhip. And *read* friendſhip; and

THE PHILANTHROPE.

N° I. FRIDAY, *March* 8, 17—

Inæſtimabile bonum eſt ſuum fieri. SEN.

I HAVE heard, that writers like me, who undertake the bold and adventurous office of inſtructing mankind in periodical admonitions, find more difficulty in compoſing their introductory Paper than any other. Anxious about their firſt appearance, they invent many arch devices to prepoſſeſs the public in their behalf. Sometimes they appear "curtailed of their fair pro-"portion;" and endeavour to inſinuate themſelves into the favour of the gentle reader, by being ſingular or even defective in their external form. Announcing themſelves as "rudely ſtamped" in their outward ſhape, they would have it underſtood perhaps, that, agreeably to ſome received opinions, the ſtructure and proportions of their inward man are completely regular. Nor, if

we ſuppoſe the attention and exertions of the mind towards one ſenſe or faculty, and their object to be, in conſequence of their failure, imparted to all or any of our other ſenſes or faculties, are the opinions alluded to entirely without foundation.

Others again, adopting an oppoſite ſyſtem, and acting agreeably to another common remark, "that a good appearance is better than a letter "of recommendation," preſent themſelves as very proper gentlemen. Of thoſe, however, who practiſe this ſort of introduction, ſome advancing with baſhful heſitation, would not offend you by their preſumption; and very often, like thoſe needy foreigners who, reſorting to London in queſt of fortune, get eaſy admiſſion into the houſes of the great, would have you underſtand, that they are much better than what they ſeem. They may probably inſinuate, that on account of great refinement and delicacy of feeling, they had been unfit for the paltry buſineſs of managing their own affairs: and had loſt conſiderable and hereditary fortunes, by the chicanery of groveling and ſelfiſh worldlings: or that they had formed a ſentimental connection early in life, with ſome divine perſon, who, being too excellent to live upon earth, had preferred a celeſtial to a mortal lover!—Others again would ſeem undaunted in their addreſs:

and

and of theſe, one will affect livelineſs, laugh much, tell you good ſtories, and endeavour to conciliate favour by ſeeming gay and facetious: Another, advancing with ſuch gravity in his deportment as becomes a perſon of conſcious dignity, would command reſpect, rather than ſolicit indulgence; and, arrayed in the panoply of wiſdom, would, with a frown, annihilate folly;

"Would with a glance of his indignant eye,
"Wither the ſinews of gigantic vice."

It is indeed no eaſy matter to enumerate the various diſguiſes of ſex, age, and condition, which have been aſſumed by thoſe benevolent authors, who have employed themſelves by daily, weekly, or monthly communications, in giving knowledge and good advice to mankind.

For my own part, I frankly confeſs, that I labour under the ſame difficulty with my predeceſſors or fellow-teachers: and that I have long ſtudied what appearance would be moſt likely to prepoſſeſs the public in *my* behalf. I have ſometimes intended to recommend myſelf, by being old and grey-headed: but though this might give me ſome weight with the venerable part of my audience, I gave up the idea; leſt I ſhould be conſidered by my younger readers as belonging to a former age, ignorant of the preſent, and unfit to inſtruct them. On the other hand, as I would

not be thought too airy and frivolous, I am unwilling to ſeem a ſtripling; nor would I pretend to encounter faſhion, the redoubted champion of folly, with no other weapons than a "ſling "and a ſmooth ſtone from the brook." So I muſt be excuſed, at preſent, from ſaying any thing about my old age, youth, or manhood.—My fortune too, and rank in life, are circumſtances of ſome importance. I know very well, that ſhould I announce myſelf as wealthy or even independent; ſhould I ſpeak of my carriage and ſervants; or hint my intimacy with perſons of high condition; it would confer on my Paper an air of conſequence. Yet a declaration of this ſort might expoſe me to ſome envy among my brother authors, with whom I wiſh to live upon decent terms. Nor am I altogether certain, that the eſtimate of genius and ability riſes in a proportion correſponding to the fortune or lineage of an author. Yet, as I would wiſh to have admiſſion into reſpectable families, I will not repreſent myſelf as living in a garret, enjoying my chief happineſs in a coffee-houſe, or coffee-houſe club, and my higheſt emolument from the bounty of bookſellers. Concerning my fortune, therefore, I muſt alſo be ſilent.—But what of my mind? This queſtion is of the utmoſt importance: and a great part of my anticipated reputation may depend on my anſwer. Am I learned? I muſt of courſe,

in

in the opinion of many readers, whom I would not chooſe to diſguſt, be ignorant of the world, a book-worm, and illiberal. Am I unlearned? How preſumptuous, then, to aſſume the function of a public inſtructor! In this dilemma, I have ſometimes thought of aſſuming the character of a preternatural Being. Yet, if I took the character of an angel, I might betray myſelf; or be held, at any rate, but an inſipid viſitant. If I took the ſhape of a goblin, all decent perſons would ſhut their doors upon me: I ſhould be plagued with exorciſms; and every public calamity, war, rain, tempeſts, and bad harveſts, would be charged upon *me*. I might even ſuffer inconvenience from the civilities or importunities of my friends; and be treated by them as a familiar ſpirit. With regard, therefore, to my learning and mental endowments, I muſt obſerve the ſame ſilence as concerning my age, perſon, and ſituation.

Reflecting on what I have written, I cannot help conſidering myſelf as ſomewhat unfortunate. In the introduction to ſuch diſcourſes as are intended to convince or perſuade, the critics, from the days of Cicero and Quintilian, have enjoined their diſciples, ſo to deliver and announce themſelves, as to ſecure the attention, and conciliate the good-will of their readers or hearers. But what have I done? Have I not ſeemed to impeach my readers; and charge them with diſingenuous or puſillani-

mous want of candour? Have I not almoſt inſinuated, that they allow themſelves to be ſeduced by mere appearances, captivated and impoſed upon by ſemblance and feigned pretence? May not this inference be deduced from my own unſucceſsful anxiety, and the ſucceſsful anxiety of all my great predeceſſors, who have aſſumed and ſupported fictitious characters? Every one of them has told his readers indirectly, though perhaps he was not aware of doing ſo, that they would not truſt their own unbiaſſed judgment, nor allow themſelves to be pleaſed, till they knew who he was who preſumed to pleaſe them; and if he were a perſon of ſuch eminence, or ſo connected in the great, genteel, or literary world, as that they might ſafely venture to be inſtructed. Perhaps this ſentiment was not intended; but ſince it may be inferred, let me retract while I am able: and wiſhing to be well received, let me not by ſuch general aſperſion, excite the diſpleaſure, or alarm the jealouſies of my courteous readers. I would therefore tell them, that all perſons of improved underſtanding, cultivated manners, and virtuous principles, are competent judges of good writing and good inſtruction: and that they will treſpaſs againſt their own independence, independence of thought and ſentiment, if they will not, on this and on all occaſions, give judgment agreeably to

their

their convictions; and be pleaſed, and expreſs their pleaſure, agreeably to their ſenſations. "In- "dependence of opinion and the maſtery of our "own ſpirits, is," in the language of Seneca, "an invaluable bleſſing."

Nº II.

Perſonam feret non inconcinnus. Hor.

"All the world's a ſtage," according to Shakeſpeare, "and all the men and women merely players." But with the utmoſt deference for an authority ſo very reſpectable, I would ſuggeſt another ſimilitude; and compare all the men and women upon earth, to a maſquerade. We aſſume likeneſſes and diſguiſes; and in the choice of our appearances, we are guided by different principles.

Sometimes we aſſume the character of what we wiſh to be: and hence your Venuſes, your ſultánas, your Mahometan emperors, and gorgeous nabobs. Sometimes we affect the oppoſite of what we are: and ſo we have nuns, friars, and quakers; boiſterous gentle ſhepherds, modeſt lawyers, and obliging devils. It is not unuſual for perſons to affect the appearance of characters which they conceive inadvertently to be the reverſe of their own; but who nevertheleſs, if I may uſe the expreſſion, repreſent and diſplay themſelves. Hence you have the moſt natural quacks, merry-andrews, and monkeys; Bucchanalians, whoſe aſſumed turbulence

coſts

coſts them no ſort of effort; clowns, whoſe ruſticity has all the advantage of native eaſe; Thais's, who have the utmoſt facility in ſuppreſſing their bluſhes; critics who ſnarl, and buffoons who aſperſe, as if their ſnarling and vilifying powers were not their own, but given them; not aſſumed, but inſpired. It muſt alſo be acknowledged, that many in like manner, affecting appearances, as they apprehend, very different from the reality, and repreſenting amiable or graceful characters, conduct themſelves with ſo much propriety, as to convince every beholder, that they are even as they ſeem. A conſiderable part of the company take no characteriſtical dreſs; and diſguiſing themſelves no otherwiſe than with a maſk and a domino, ſeem to have no deſire of drawing any attention to themſelves; but of enjoying the paſtime as it goes, or of obſerving the conduct of others. Of theſe, however, there are not a few, who, by humorous remark, judicious obſervation, and ſeaſonable admonition, obtain undeſired and unſolicited notice.

You may alſo have obſerved, that for ſome time after the beginning of the entertainment, there is much ſhyneſs and reſerve. Every one is as deſirous of concealing himſelf as of detecting others. The company, by degrees, become more familiar: they grow weary of concealment; they tire of their feigned voices; they

are

are leſs ſolicitous of remaining unknown; and they begin to unmaſk themſelves to particular perſons, or confidentially in remote rooms and corners. At length the whole company ſitting down to the ſupper that concludes the entertainment, they appear juſt what they are. And is not all this a repreſentation of human life? Do not all, or a conſiderable part of mankind affect appearances? Deſirous of detecting others, we are no leſs deſirous of concealing ourſelves. But do we not, on many occaſions, miſtake the characters we would aſſume? Sometimes, not intending it, we appear as we are; and ſometimes the reverſe. We become gradually more familiar with one another; ſome from conſtitutional boldneſs; many from the conſciouſneſs of having nothing to conceal; and many, repoſing an amiable confidence in the urbanity and goodwill of the company. All of us, at laſt, ſit down at one common table; laying aſide our vizors, we no longer perſonate aſſumed characters: and the pleaſure we ſhall derive from the remainder, as well as that which we have enjoyed in the preceding part of the entertainment, will depend, not more on the proviſion that is made for us, than on our own taſte, temper, and conſequent capacity of enjoyment.

I too am a maſker, at this general maſquerade. The part I propoſe to perform is, no doubt, difficult, and may be apprehended preſumptuous.

It is no leſs than to prevent and correct impropriety and indecorum. My intention however is not to rail and abuſe; but to contribute, as far as hint, ſuggeſtion, or even advice may be of ſervice, to the good-humour, amuſement, and may I ſay improvement? of the company.

Meanwhile, as in other maſquerades, ſcarcely any one appears who is unknown to the whole company; ſo I frankly confeſs, that I am not unknown to a few perſons, with whoſe temporary diſguiſes I alſo am not unacquainted. Nay, theſe perſons have entered into the ſame project with myſelf; and their object is to co-operate with me, in ſuperintending the manners and deportment of thoſe who conſtitute our ſociety. But though we have divided ourſelves into different departments; ſome being to obſerve perſons of one denomination, and ſome thoſe of another; none of us are to meddle with ſuch as may be ſo diſorderly, as to excite unbecoming or outrageous riot. For the reſtraint and correction of theſe, proper officers are no doubt appointed *. I have only to add, that if any other maſker, with like views and principles, ſhall be diſpoſed to aſſiſt me, I ſhall be ſeaſonably, and duly thankful. Perhaps, in the progreſs of the entertainment, we may become acquainted with one another; and all, or a conſiderable number of us, enjoy the additional ſatisfaction of more intimate and friendly communication.

* Ut ſis tu ſimilis Cœli Birrhique, latronum,
Non ego ſim Capri, neque Sulci. Hor.

N° III.

E cœlo deſcendit, Γνῶθι σεαυτον. Juv.

"KNOW thyſelf," was a precept ſo celebrated, and held in ſuch veneration by the ſages of antiquity, that they aſcribed it to the Pythian Oracle. Yet ſome of my readers may probably tell me, "The precept is certainly needleſs. Have I not "conſtantly lived in my own company? Have I "ever, either aſleep or awake, been ſeparated from "myſelf? Am I not acquainted with the figure "of my own body, my ſtature, and complexion? "Nor am I leſs acquainted with the ſtructure of "my mind, my habits, and diſpoſitions. Who "can pretend to know me better than I know "myſelf? Not even my moſt intimate acquaint-"ance can tell more of me, than I chooſe to diſ-"cover. So that the Pythian Prieſteſs might "have ſpared her exhortation; or, at leaſt, the "ſages of antiquity needed not to have re-"peated her ravings."

It may be you have lived long in your own company; and that you are dexterous in the arts of concealment. Very dexterous indeed! For I will endeavour to convince you, that you may not only conceal yourſelf, your paſſions, habits, and inclinations, from your acquaintance; but

but alſo, penetrating though you be, from your own diſcernment.

You may obſerve many perſons, who, notwithſtanding their own contrary opinion, are ignorant even of their external appearance. Are you acquainted with no one to whom his doating nurſe or grandmother may have ſaid in his childhood, that he had a captivating eye or elegant eyebrow, laying up this important truth in his heart; making it, with much inward complacency, the ſubject of his private thoughts; and, in due time, extending the influence of this eye or eye-brow over the whole of his outward form? The conſummate limb or feature, whether an eye or a foot, ſhall, in his fond conceit, cover a multitude of imperfections; ſhall correct tints, otherwiſe of an unyielding nature; and reduce ſtubborn diſproportion to the ſofteſt ſymmetry. The peacock in the fable, conſcious of her ſhining colours, fancied that her voice was melodious: and the ſwan, no leſs ſubject to ſelf-deceit, believed the whiteneſs of her plumage would atone for, or render unperceived, the blackneſs of her legs. In like manner, many perſons poſſeſſing a ſingle feature, or limb, or talent, or diſpoſition, worthy of praiſe or attention; and, in evil hour, conſcious of their endowment, ſhall extend it to the whole of their figure or character; and ſo believe themſelves very perfect.

Indeed

Indeed there is uſually ſomething in the appearance, that not only juſtifies, but occaſions ſuch ſelf-deceit. The giant does not conceive himſelf a dwarf; nor the dwarf, a giant. Nigritia, with a complexion no fairer than the wing of a raven, will not believe that ſhe is as white as a lily: nor does even Fulvia apprehend that her fiery treſſes are of a jetty black. Yet the giant aſſerts the advantages of lofty ſtature; and the dwarf praiſes agility, and the neatneſs of a form conſiderably abridged. Nigritia paſſes in her own mind for an ebon beauty; and the oaths of a lover are not neceſſary to prevail with Fulvia to think herſelf a lovely Dane.

This ſelf-deceit, to which all of us are more or leſs liable, and which renders ſelf-knowledge indiſpenſably neceſſary to thoſe who aſpire after propriety and improvement, is well illuſtrated by an anecdote of Apelles.—He was, you know, an eminent painter; and was to execute a picture of Venus, the goddeſs of love and beauty. What a difficult taſk! Venus he had never ſeen: and what model could he propoſe? Among all the daughters of men, even thoſe whom his youthful fancy conceived the faireſt, who was worthy of repreſenting Venus? Yet many of them had pretenſions. He himſelf, no doubt, for painters no leſs than poets have been addicted to this ſpecies of idolatry, had rendered them conſtant homage; and had

had pronounced them Venuſes in human form. Surely then, when about to execute a picture of that divinity, he could hardly be at a loſs; he could have many a pattern; he had only to chooſe the faireſt of thoſe whom he had formerly deified: and probably, when he undertook the taſk, he had this idea in view.—Accordingly, the report went abroad. Apelles was to engage in ſuch a work! What emulation among the maidens of Greece! What ſolicitude! but certainly, for the credit of the ſex, no ſolicitation about the choice! And what anxious attention to dreſs and adornment!—Meantime, the painter began his progreſs: he reſorted to every public aſſembly: he viewed with a critical eye every candidate for the praiſe of beauty: and was to chooſe the faireſt of his fair acquaintance. But how exceedingly was he mortified! He had hitherto regarded them with the partial eye of a lover: he was now to obſerve them as a critic and as an artiſt. In the moſt renowned, he diſcerned imperfection; and in many whom he had formerly worſhipped, he found no more than a ſingle ſhade of beauty, a ſingle lineament, or ſingle grace. The ſituation was truly difficult. Yet Apelles had his reſources. "I will," ſaid he, "make all of them ſit for the picture. But from "Leſbia I will copy only the mouth; with this, "the eye of Saphira, the complexion of Galatea,

"the

"the air of Lydia, the hand of Myrrha, and "the fingers of Aſpaſia, will render me a perfect "Venus." "Alas," ſaid a friend to whom he imparted his project, "you may indeed execute a "perfect picture; but among the fair ſex, you "will ceaſe to have any favour. They will never "forgive you if you undervalue any of their "fancied allurements. All of them expect "the honor of repreſenting Venus; and, "no one finding herſelf on your canvaſs, be "aſſured you will incenſe them all." The danger, no doubt, was great; but the painter was not ignorant of human nature; and adhered to his plan.—The work was at length completed: and the fame of Apelles was blazoned through every city of Greece. The maidens, to whom he had been indebted, came, conſcious of their charms, to behold themſelves in the picture. The friend of Apelles ſtood by, full of anxiety for the painter. But he had little occaſion. "Yes," ſaid Galatea, caſting a careleſs glance at the canvaſs, "he has really hit my com-"plexion;" and went away ſatisfied that ſhe was Venus. Leſbia was afraid to ſpeak, leſt the act of breathing ſhould ſpoil the reſemblance ſhe bore to the Goddeſs. Then Lydia came; and throwing herſelf, as it were without intention, into the attitude of the figure, "I did not imagine he "could have catched my air ſo exactly; I am ſo "impatient

" impatient of being ſtared at, he had ſcarcely " time to obſerve me: but no one can miſtake " the likeneſs." She was hardly gone when Saphira came, and bluſhed, and ſmiled, and ſeemed ſo diffident, and withal, ſo conſcious, that her convictions were abundantly manifeſt. " To be ſure, ſaid Myrrha, he is a faithful " painter; he has copied the very turn of my " hand." And excepting the turn of her hand Myrrha had no ſhare in the picture. " Poor " creatures!" ſaid Aſpaſia, " they will burſt " with envy; for he has copied me to the very " ſhape of my fingers." And to be ſure her fingers were on the canvaſs; but nothing elſe of Aſpaſia.—So it was too with ſeveral others. They were all ſatisfied. Each of them fancied that ſhe was Venus. They praiſed the painter: Apelles ſmiled: and his friend was ſilent.

N° IV.

——— Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona. Juv.

It was an article of belief among the ancient Scandinavians, according to Mallet in his hiſtory of Denmark, that the term of a man's life could be prolonged, if any one would die in his ſtead. "This," continues the hiſtorian, "was a "frequent practice, when the life of a ſuler or "illuſtrious warrior was in imminent danger; "for it was ſuppoſed that Odin, the chief object "of their religious worſhip, appeaſed by ſuch an "offering, would prevail with the deſtinies to "lengthen the thread of that perſon's life, whom "his friends were ſo deſirous of ſaving." But, if we may judge by what Suetonius has related of a Roman Emperor, this part of their creed was not altogether peculiar to the inhabitants of Scandinavia; for when Caligula was afflicted with a dangerous malady, one of his courtiers made a ſolemn vow, that if the Prince's life were preſerved, he would ſuffer death for his ſake. The emperor unfortunately recovered: and the poor courtier, who ſeemed not unwilling to have forgotten his promiſe, was obliged to perform it. Adorned with

with fillets and flowers, like a victim, he was led about the ſtreets of Rome, by a company of boys; for Caligula's ſuperſtition was garniſhed on this, as perhaps on many other occaſions, with inhuman ſarcaſm; and compelled afterwards to throw himſelf down a precipice.

Reflecting on theſe anecdotes, I had a viſion, which, without any farther apology, I will communicate to my readers; for the right of dreaming, and of telling their dreams, has been, time out of mind, the indefeaſible privilege of periodical writers. I fancied, that by a new inſtitution in the order of things, every perſon who was tired of life might for a reaſonable conſideration, and without incurring any guilt, grant a part of his vital thread to any one elſe who wanted an additional portion. In order to facilitate the transference, an office was kept in a central part of the globe; to which, by the ſame novelty of appointment, thoſe perſons who where deſirous of applying either for prolongation or deprivation might convey themſelves by a wiſh. Judges alſo were appointed, who not only regiſtered names, and kept a record of their tranſactions, but who determined concerning the claims and petitions preſented by candidates for life or death.—Fancying myſelf preſent, on a day of buſineſs, at this office of curtail or extenſion, I will not now ſay, whether the number of thoſe

who wiſhed to die without being guilty of ſuicide, or of thoſe who ſolicited a few additional years, was the greateſt. The number of both was immenſe: and comprehended perſons of every age, ſex, and condition.

Among others who, in a particular manner, drew my attention, I ſaw a reſpectable merchant, who had reached his grand climacteric, ſoliciting a releaſe. He was well dreſſed, well fed; and nothing but the gloomineſs of his look could have made me ſuppoſe that he wiſhed for a change. He told the Judges, that he could not boaſt of diſtinguiſhed lineage; that he had entered into life with no higher ſucceſs than what might ariſe from his own exertion; and that, in the moſt ſanguine days of his early youth, when he was writing in his maſter's counting-houſe, he would have been ſatisfied with the aſſurance of a decent competency. Recommending himſelf however, by his faithful aſſiduity, to men of buſineſs, he had entered into reſpectable partnerſhip; and roſe, in a ſhort time, to great and unexpected opulence. He had fine houſes in town and country; ſplendid carriages; many ſervants; and was viſited by perſons of the foremoſt rank. He had married advantageouſly, and even honourably. On the birth of his eldeſt ſon he conſidered how creditable it would be, to let him have a fortune ſo

great

great as that he might found a reſpectable family. Succeſsful, beyond expectation, in his various concerns, he was prompted at the birth of his ſecond ſon by the ſame ſort of paſſion. He had many children: and at length, verging towards old age, he indulged the deſire, and flattered himſelf with the hope, of leaving opulent fortunes to all his ſons, and of thus being the founder of ſeveral families. He already conceived himſelf a patrician Patriarch: and anticipated the time when he ſhould have his venerable portrait ſuſpended in ſeveral lofty caſtles, as the progenitor of ſo many wealthy or noble houſes. He accordingly perſiſted in his labours; but though his returns were great, they were not equal to his wiſhes: his locks were growing hoary; and he became impatient to have all his children eſtabliſhed as he deſired. He had provided magnificently for Edward and James; but what was to become of poor William and Henry? He therefore determined, in conſideration of his uſual ſucceſs, to hazard ſome immenſe ſpeculations. He launched into the funds; bought up every article of commerce, whether at home or abroad, that would probably be in requeſt; engaged in extenſive manufacturing projects; and thus ſet afloat the greater part of his fortune. But though "he caſt his bread upon the wa-"ters, it did not return after many days." The ſtate of Europe underwent ſuch changes, that at

the period he expected to ſell, there was no market for his commodities: at the ſame time, thoſe from whom he had purchaſed eſtates on terms highly advantageous, but without advancing the money, became clamorous for their payments: ſtocks fell when he was under the neceſſity of ſelling out: ſo that all the mountains of gold that ſwelled on his imagination vaniſhed in diſappointment. Still however, after all this wreck of his towering hopes, he remained in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune. He who had originally no other eſtate than a grey-gooſe quill, had now ſeveral thouſands by year. But he could not be a founder of families, nor have his picture diſplayed in three or four Gothic caſtles. The ſituation was not to be born; life was no longer alluring: his ſumptuous table, coſtly gardens, and gay retinue, afforded him no enjoyment. Even his children, amiable though they were, and accompliſhed, inſtead of yielding him conſolation, embittered his ſufferings; for he could not leave to each of them a palace and correſponding eſtate. "He was therefore "not only willing but deſirous to die; he "prayed they would clip his thread: for it was "now ſo rough and entangled, that he could "not weave it into any agreeable project. He "would, on the moſt reaſonable terms, part with "ten or twenty years."

"I will

"I will buy them," ſaid a ſhrill, tremulous, and impatient voice, from among the croud; "and give a plum for the bargain. I have as "much more; and will give the half, or even "more than the half of my fortune, for a few "additional yards of life. My wife, whom I "have juſt now married, is indeed no more than "ſixteen: but I am ſeventy-nine; and wiſh to "have a little time for rearing ſome ſons and "daughters." A roar of laughter aroſe, when a little meagre tottering creature, that had been a man, came forward, leading in his hand a jolly maiden, who ſeemed however a good deal abaſhed: "for," added he, in his treble tone, "my beloved bride joins me in the requeſt; and "be aſſured, that if you grant my petition, I "will, at the appointed time, bid a chearful "adieu to all earthly enjoyments."

A young man ſucceeded, with an appearance ſo very languiſhing that he would have furniſhed an excellent character in a ſentimental ſtory. "His faith had been plighted to an angelic fe- "male: ſhe had been cut off by untimely death: "he could not bear to exiſt; and begged they "would give him leave to expire." The court pitied him: they wiſhed him to take the matter into further conſideration they adviſed him to walk a little in an adjoining grove; and return again to the hall of audience.—He had ſcarcely

gone out, when a young and beautiful female, with diſhevelled treſſes, trembling and weeping, preſented ſuch another petition. Let the claſſical reader think of Venus bewailing Adonis. The fair petitioner had loſt her lover, cut off by untimely death: "ſhe could no longer exiſt; "and hoped they would transfer to ſome happier "ſolicitor the remaining years of a life that to "her muſt be full of ſorrow." The court felt and acted as in the preceding inſtance: they deſired her to walk in the adjoining grove: and proceeded in the mean time to the diſcuſſion of ſome other claimants. I omit mentioning ſome languid Lords who were deſirous of dying, and ſome doughty dowagers who wiſhed to live; and haſten to inform my readers that the reſult of the petitions preſented by the youthful petitioners, was ſomewhat different from what I expected. They made no haſte to return. Some of the Judges became impatient: ſome were afraid they had made their elopement by hemp or by water, without the uſual paſſport; but the moſt experienced, who were not unacquainted with ſuch petitioners, entertained no apprehenſions of premature departure. At laſt they were ſent for. They were found by the bank of a limpid ſtream, under the ſhade of a ſpreading myrtle. They had met in the grove. The young man thought the young woman ſo like

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the maid he had loſt; and ſhe thought the young man ſo like her lamented lover; that they ſhrieked; ran away; thought it a deluſion; returned; they were not the ſame; but were ſo like, that the maiden fainted; the youth ſupported her; led her to the myrtle ſhade; and now came into the hall of audience, requeſting for both, "that their petitions might be reſtored "to them, for that, on account of the reſemblance; and for the regard they bore to their "former lovers; and ſince they could not do "better; they would unite their threads, and live "the reſt of their days together."—The court conſented.

A young Weſt Indian then appeared. He was altogether ſo very trim, ſo very fine, and ſo very fragrant, that I never doubted but that his petition was for a continuance, rather than for an abridgment of his preſent life. He came ſkipping and ſinging, and taking ſnuff from an elegant ſnuff-box; flouriſhing with his hand ſo as to ſhew its ſhape and the diamond ring that adorned it; ſtopping ſometimes to ſurvey himſelf; or ſeeming to pick his teeth, to obſerve in his little mirror the poſture of his looks and colour. He threw down his petition with an air of much unconcern: ſaid with a faſhionable oath, "that had it not been for the faſhion he would "not have troubled the grey-beards; for that a

"piſtol

"piſtol in his own apartments would have done "his buſineſs with expedition." Solicitous to know the cauſes that could produce his deſire of departure, I ſoon learned, by the tenor of his petition, that he was the youngeſt ſon of a wealthy Creole; that he had been left a few thouſand pounds by his father who was lately dead; that being intended for the bar, he had been ſome time at an academy in the neighbourhood of London; that however, having by the facility of his guardians got poſſeſſion of his fortune, he threw it in the form of bank notes and guineas into a drawer: became entirely faſhionable; ſauntered in Bond-ſtreet; reeled with moſt conſpicuous diſtinction in the play-houſe lobbies; drove an exquiſite curricle; bought every trinket that catched his eye; and did every thing in his power to get rid of his guineas. He was quite ſucceſsful: ſoon ſaw the bottom of his repoſitory; and at length one royal ſolitary friend. He never heſitated: left cards for taking leave at all houſes where he uſed to viſit; returned to his cloſet; charged an elegant piſtol after admiring it for half an hour; would have applied it to his temple; but recollecting that the office was the preſent rage, that there he would probably meet with a great deal of company, he got himſelf dreſſed; formed his wiſh, and appeared.—The court heſitated. They thought

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it a pity that a *thing* ſo playful ſhould have its exiſtence abridged. But as he perſiſted in his deſire; for ſuch fluttering things are ſometimes obſtinate, or unadviſable; they thought him too inſignificant not to grant his requeſt. So he had his name entered for a transference.

Then in a mighty fume entered an important author. He was raging againſt the times. "The deſire of knowledge was now extinct; "the art of thinking was quite aboliſhed: ignorance, frivolity, ſing-ſong, and idle novels, were "now ſubſtituted in place of ſcience and ſound "philoſophy. He had written," he ſaid, "a "maſterly treatiſe full of erudite metaphyſics, "in which he had developed all the princi- "ples of human nature; and tracing error "through all her mazes, had delivered men "from the prejudices of early education, and "the bondage of falſe opinion: yet, ſtrange to "tell, his work had fallen dead from the preſs, "lay unopened on the bookſeller's compter, "or as lumber in his ware-room: and there- "fore he would not live; nor endure any longer "the abſurdity and impertinence of his cotem- "poraries. No doubt," he ſaid, "he might "have gone to ſleep without aſking permiſſion;" but muttering ſomething from Shakeſpeare, about dreaming in his ſleep, he ſaid, "he thought "it might be as well to receive the value of a "transference

" transference for the benefit of his heirs." The court, not conſidering his life of any moment to ſociety, ſurprized him a good deal by expreſſing their willingneſs to grant his requeſt: telling him at the ſame time, " that they expected " another author on a ſimilar errand; for that his " tragedy having been damned at one of the " theatres, he had almoſt anticipated the ca- " taſtrophe of the fifth act, by hanging himſelf " from the manager's box." " And is Mr. " Anapeſt's tragedy damned!" exclaimed the Philoſopher. " I muſt haſten to condole with " him, and enjoy his chagreen." So ſnatching his petition out of the hands of a regiſtering clerk, he ſuddenly ſlipt away.

N° V.

Tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remiſſionem humaniſſimam, ac liberaliſſimam judicaretis. Cic.

SIR,

THE chief object of inſtruction is, in general, even among civilized and poliſhed nations, to qualify men, if they have no hereditary poſſeſſions, for obtaining a ſuſtenance ſuited to their condition; and for enabling all of them, whether originally poor or rich, to diſcharge the various duties which their various ſituations demand. But though the primary end of education be to train up men for thoſe profeſſions that may be neceſſary to their exiſtence; or for thoſe offices which a due regard to themſelves as individuals, as members of families, of communities, of ſtates, or of the world, require of them; it has ſtill another very important object; and is often very properly employed in fitting us for thoſe lighter exerciſes that may be neceſſary for the amuſement of leiſure, or the relaxation of buſineſs. As even the moſt indigent part of mankind cannot always be employed in the performance of heavy labour; ſo there are many from whom few or ſmall exertions

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are exacted; and no inconſiderable number who are exempted, by the favour of fortune, from the laborious exerciſe of either mental or bodily powers. Although however, like "the "lilies of the field, they neither toil nor ſpin;" ſuch is the law of human nature, that they cannot remain in a ſtate of utter inaction; but muſt employ their time ſo as that the faculties of their conſtitution may not be annihilated in overwhelming torpor. This, in the improved ſtate of nations, is not only the condition of all females diſtinguiſhed by rank or fortune; but of a very conſiderable number of males: among many of whom, even the functions of neceſſary and profeſſional occupation engage but a few hours of the day, or a few days of the year. As therefore, in improved ſociety, the exerciſes of amuſement challenge a conſiderable degree of attention, education is often employed in teaching men how to amuſe themſelves; and ſometimes alſo, though perhaps too ſeldom, in directing the choice of their diverſions. In truth the ſports and paſtime of mankind, as they may tend not only to divert the mind in a proper manner, either from itſelf, as among perſons of opulence; or from toilſome occupation, as among the leſs wealthy members of a community; but likewiſe to corrupt the manners of men, and enfeeble their underſtandings; become, or ought to become, a ſubject of conſideration

both

both with moraliſts and legiſlators. Hence it is, that what are denominated the fine or elegant arts, have been introduced into poliſhed nations in all ages; and were cultivated formerly at Athens and at Rome, as they have been in later times in France and in England.

Not altogether coëval with, but ſoon after the riſe and culture of painting, ſculpture, muſic, and elegant writing, the art, or more properly ſpeaking, the ſcience of the critic made its appearance: for if men were to be amuſed with pictures, ſtatues, the recitations of oratorial or the repreſentations of poetical compoſition, they were to be amuſed in various degrees, and led to form different judgments concerning different performances of the ſame or of various artiſts. The criticiſm, however, of painting, ſculpture, and muſic was, and ever muſt be confined to a ſmaller number, than the criticiſm of elegant writing; becauſe the number of elegant writers is greater than that of painters, ſculptors, and real muſicians; and becauſe the number of perſons, who have opportunities of obtaining ſuch amuſement, or who can have that ſort of experience which may enable them to reliſh it when obtained, is alſo greater. Add to this that howſoever the multitude might feel excellence, or the contrary, in the works of the painter or muſician, it required a degree of profeſſional knowledge not ſo eaſily obtained as

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the profeſſional knowledge, ſo to ſay, of poetry oratory, or hiſtory, to ſpeak in proper terms concerning the defects or merits of a landſkip or a ſonnato. The cant, or to uſe a more reſpectful term, the diction of muſicians and painters, is a ſort of *chevaux de frize*, which defends them from the aſſault of ignorant but petulant animadverſion; while the flower garden and pleaſure ground of the poet and orator are expoſed to the rudeneſs of ſelf-importance, or impertinence of ſelf-conceit. Let it not be ſuppoſed however, that the function of the critic when properly diſcharged is either uſeleſs or illiberal. That ſort of criticiſm in particular, which tends to the improvement of thoſe powers uſually denominated powers of taſte, by which we are rendered capable of receiving pleaſure, independent of utility, from the works of art or nature, contributes very largely both to pleaſure and to improvement. Nor is its value ſo much confined to the elucidation of general principles, as that it ſhould not appear to very great advantage, in aſcertaining or illuſtrating the merit of particular works or paſſages. We are not much more indebted to the philoſophical critic, who by unravelling aſſociations, or by inveſtigating influences, determines what is really excellent, though the operation be highly meritorious; than to the accurate and ingenious obſerver, who, perhaps no leſs philoſophically,

ſophically, though without the pretenſion, removes the obſcurity of particular views, and preſents to us, in appropriated and peculiar attitudes, the very form and features of the excellence that would allure us. With regard to elegant writing eſpecially, much praiſe is due to the taſte of thoſe critics who may have directed the attention and regard of mankind to the merit of unobſerved or depreciated genius. The blaze of radiance that crowns the head of Milton, revealed to an admiring world by the ingenuity of Addiſon, and not obſerved by them till he revealed it, imparts ſome of its beams to the temperate and lucid glory that inveſts the brow of that amiable critic.

I hope then, that as the amuſements of a people are not unconnected with their morals, you will not think it incompatible with the taſk you have undertaken of inſtructing your contemporaries in ſome of the properties and duties of life; to exhibit occaſionally ſuch elucidation of the general principles that reign in the imitative arts, eſpecially in the art of fine-writing; and ſuch illuſtration of particular paſſages or particular performances, either in proſe or verſe, as may tend to the purity and improvement of the public taſte.

PHILOIDES.

AGREEABLY to the views ſuggeſted by this correſpondent, I ſhall, in the two following numbers, offer ſome conſiderations, communicated by a friend, on the ſimilarity that ſeems to ſubſiſt between the principles of taſte and thoſe of ethics or moral philoſophy. Occaſionally too, I ſhall lay before my readers ſome critical remarks on works or paſſages of antient and modern authors. Skill in compoſition and the knowledge of good-writing are more general in this country at preſent than at any preceding period. Few perſons who have made any progreſs in literature, but have pretenſions to taſte; and few who have pretenſions to taſte can refrain from writing. But though ſuch tendency in our manners is at leaſt innocent, and may be uſeful, it requires to be properly directed. Pretenſions to taſte and ingenuity, unleſs they be founded on juſt principles, deviate into error; and ſeducing us from the love of claſſical ſimplicity, dazzle our perceptions with the glare of conceit, or with unmeaning pomp confound our diſcernment.

N° VI.

——— Qualem decet esse sororum. Ovid.

To those who enter into the study of ethics or moral philosophy, the inquiry that naturally presents itself previously to any other discussion, is, Whether the distinction between virtue and vice be natural or artificial? Previously, in like manner, to other discussions in criticism, it is frequently and properly asked, Is there any foundation in nature for a distinction between what is excellent or not excellent in the objects of taste? In the prosecution of this inquiry, the parallel between ethics and criticism may, in several particulars, be very fully preserved. Is there, in the nature of things, an immutable distinction between virtue and vice? You answer in the affirmative; you say there is an original difference: all men in every age and nation abhor injustice, perfidy, and cruelty: all men in every age and nation approve and applaud justice, truth, and clemency. It is asked, in like manner, Is there any foundation for a distinction, independently of shifting and capricious opinion, between beauty and deformity in the works of art and of nature? You say there is; and assert,

that all men in every age and nation conſider the ſame objects as miſhapen or ill-coloured: all men in every age and nation pronounce the ſame ſhapes and the ſame colours beautiful or graceful.

The parallel proceeds: It is objected to the moraliſt, that the approbation of virtue has not been uniform and conſiſtent; that actions the moſt horrid have, even among poliſhed nations, been practiſed without condemnation: and the Athenians, celebrated as they were for refinement, are arraigned for the voluntary and deliberate expoſure, and conſequent death of their helpleſs and infant children. If ſo, we need not be ſurpriſed if the ſavage Indian ſhould, without blame, put to death a cumberſome and feeble father. The poliſhed Athenian and ſavage Indian bear witneſs, that the vaunted diſtinction between virtue and vice is an ideal line, and that opinion paſſes and re-paſſes it, as the ſun ſhines, or as the wind blows.

In reply: We have many principles of action; they are often at variance with one another; they are not upon all occaſions duly balanced; and one affection may have acquired ſuch undue force, as to prevent the operation of others. But though ſome important principle may, by the influence of ſome exceſſive counteracting power, be for a time ſuſpended, we are not therefore to affirm that it is entirely ſuppreſſed,

or

or that it never exiſted. Self-love, for example, is an acknowledged and powerful principle. But ſelf-love is not the ſource of all our actions. We ſometimes neglect our own intereſt, and obey the impulſe of kind affection. We ſometimes act contrary to our own intereſt, and obey the dictates of inconſiderate anger. When Alexander killed Clytus, he was not guided by ſelf-love. Self-love, or a regard to his own intereſt, would have inclined him to an oppoſite conduct. He was moved by inconſiderate and exceſſive anger. Now, though ſelf-love may be ſuſpended by the temporary violence of paſſion, or the ſtubborn obſtinacy of ill-founded opinion, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely ſuppreſſed, or that it never exiſted.

If it can be ſhewn, in like manner, that apparent contradictions to the judgment of conſcience, or a moral faculty, proceed from the occaſional exceſs and irregular aſcendency of thoughtleſs paſſion and erroneous opinion, we are not to ſay that there is no difference between juſtice and injuſtice, cruelty and mercy. At Athens, when a new-born child was ſo feeble or ſo deformed that there was no probability of its living beyond the period of infancy; or of its being capable afterwards of maintaining its own exiſtence; and if the parent was in ſuch circum-

ſtances as rendered it impoſſible for him to give it maintenance; it was by a miſtaken notion reckoned even humane in the parent to deprive it of that life which, ſo far from being a bleſſing, was held a misfortune. The Indians, in like manner, never put to death their old men, but when they were ſo far overcome by age and infirmity, as to be no longer able, without extreme pain, to endure the toil and difficulty of a long journey or hazardous enterprize. Though, therefore, from miſtaken views, or the temporary dominion of other principles, actions of inhumanity ſeem ſometimes to have been juſtified, we are not to affirm that there is no foundation for moral diſtinctions.

So alſo, it may be objected, that the ſtandard of taſte is by no means uniform. What is accounted deformed in one country is thought beautiful in another. The natives of New-Zealand ſeem to reckon a flat noſe more elegant than one caſt in a Grecian or Roman mould; and are ſolicitous to form the feature ſo as to ſuit the faſhion. The inhabitants of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides, have the ſame predilection for long ears, that the New Zealanders have for flat noſes. Times are recorded in the annals of literature, when affectation, bombaſt, falſe wit, and buffoonery, have been preferred to the ſimplicity and correct embelliſhment of elegant

compoſition.

compoſition. The indecent and ill contrived dramas of the laſt century were in vogue, and Paradiſe Loſt neglected. Hence it is aſſerted, that there is no ſtandard of taſte, no permanent diſtinction between what is called excellent or not excellent in the works of art or of nature; and that, in preferring one work, or one appearance to another, we are only guided by variable and accidental opinion.

The reply to this objection is of the ſame kind, and as ſatisfactory as the reply to the objection in ethics. Though the faculty of diſcerning beauty may for a time be miſled by the occaſional influence of other powers, we are not to conclude that it is utterly deſtroyed, or that it never exiſted. The ſun may be involved in clouds, and not a ſingle ray ſhall give intimation of his exiſtence; yet we will not ſay that the ſun's light is extinguiſhed, and will not break out again even upon us. He ſtill continues to ſhine, though not upon us, and blaze with the brighteſt radiance. The circumſtance which moſt commonly prevents the deciſions of true taſte, and obſtructs its diſcernment, is cuſtom, or more properly faſhion. Men are ſo apt to ſurrender their judgments to the opinion of others whom they reſpect, in matters of great importance, that we need not be ſurpriſed to find them influenced by authority merely in matters of taſte. Neither high ſhoulders, nor thickneſs of

ſpeech, are in themſelves graceful or becoming; yet the courtiers of Alexander the Great affected to have high ſhoulders, becauſe Alexander was ſomewhat deformed; and the followers of Hotſpur imitated his unbecoming utterance:

> He was indeed the glaſs
> Wherein the noble youths did dreſs themſelves.
> He had no legs that practis'd not his gait:
> And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh
> Became the accents of the valiant:
> For thoſe that could ſpeak ſlow and tardily
> Would learn their own perfection to abuſe
> To ſeem like him: ſo that, in ſpeech, in gait,
> In military rules, humours of blood,
> He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book
> That faſhion'd others.

A favourite leader with a flat noſe might have rendered that form of feature faſhionable in New Zealand, and a ſimilar circumſtance might have dictated the taſte for long ears among the natives of Tanna. Falſe wit, ribaldry, and turgid compoſition were faſhionable in the time of Charles the Second, that moſt ſhameful of all periods in the hiſtory of Britain, and were perhaps faſhionable by the influence of the court. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the graces of elegant writing ſhould have been baniſhed. They were baniſhed along with decency, order, and good government; but were ſoon after reſtored by William of Orange, by Pope and Addiſon,

It is anſwered to this objection, that different perſons conſidering the ſame action, may ſee it in very different lights. They judge, however, and pronounce concerning it, according to their conceptions, and its appearance to them. If they ſaw it in the ſame light their opinions would coincide. Nor have we any ground to affirm from their diſagreement, that moral diſtinctions are ideal; unleſs we are able to ſhew, that the perſons who furniſh the experiment, view the conduct in queſtion preciſely in the ſame manner. In the inſtance of Brutus, the objects regarded by thoſe who praiſe and by thoſe who cenſure, though denominated by the ſame term, are yet totally different. The Brutus who is cenſured, is ungrateful, without affection, ambitious, weak, and inhuman. The Brutus who is applauded, is a patriot, devoted to the love of his country, reſolute, and unmoved by any private or partial conſideration. Now the Brutus who is blamed is ſurely different from the Brutus who is applauded. They agree only in name: they are in reality oppoſite. Were the encomiaſt convinced that Brutus was unworthy, he would change his praiſe into cenſure: and were his opponent to believe him worthy, he would become an encomiaſt. The objection, therefore, by no means oppoſes the general doctrine: for if the

the views of all men were alike in matters of morality, their ſentiments would be the ſame.

A ſimilar objection and ſimilar anſwer are ſtated againſt and in behalf of criticiſm. Perſons of equal improvement, without prejudice or partiality, examining the ſame poem, the ſame picture, or the ſame ſtatue, often judge of them in a very different, and even oppoſite manner. From this, however, as in the moral illuſtration, we ought not to infer that no difference ſubſiſts between excellence and the want of excellence, ſo far as regards beauty and deformity in the works of art or of nature. Do thoſe perſons of ſimilar pretenſions, who judge ſo differently of the ſame performance, ſee it exactly in the ſame light, with the ſame features and colours, and in the ſame poſture? Have they both an equally diſtinct conception of its parts and qualities? Or can we affirm that no peculiar aſſociation influences the one or the other, ſo as to bias his judgment almoſt without his knowledge? If the objector is not clear in his anſwer to theſe queſtions, his objection vaniſhes.

On the contrary, that the ſame object is ſeen differently, and in different attitudes, by different perſons, is highly probable. Neither poetry nor painting, nor any of the imitative arts, afford pleaſure, merely by the thoughts and images expreſſed

preſſed or diſplayed by the artiſt or writer: but very often by the thoughts and images which they are enabled to ſuggeſt. This diſtinction between expreſſing and ſuggeſting objects ought on the preſent ſubject to be particularly attended to. Our thoughts are expreſſed when they are all uttered, as fully as poſſible, by language and other correſponding ſigns. They are ſuggeſted, when only a few are expreſſed; but with ſuch implication, and of ſuch connexion with others not expreſſed, as that theſe laſt ariſe in the mind ſpontaneouſly, or by eaſy aſſociation. Maſters in the imitative arts proceed in this manner: they deliver only a part of their thought, and leave the reſt to be completed by the fancy of thoſe to whom their works are addreſſed. Longinus, in a brilliant paſſage in his valuable fragment, has remarked this part of their conduct; and with ſuitable approbation. Here, however, there is room for difference. One perſon may have a much greater facility in tracing ſuch aſſociation, or in catching ſuch alluſions, than another. Or the ſame perſon, at different times, may be in a favourable mood for ſuch fanciful operation. But the pleaſure we receive is according to the object ſuggeſted: ſo that when our imaginations cannot follow the artiſt, we cannot feel nor diſcern the whole of his excellence.

lence. Powerful imagination does not always imply an accurate and delicate taſte: but taſte cannot exiſt without ſome imagination.

The difference between the expreſſion and ſuggeſtion of thoughts, may be illuſtrated by the following paſſage in Virgil:

> Et jam ſumma procul villarum culmina fumant,
> Majoreſque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,
>
> And ſee! from village tops the ſmoke aſcend,
> And falling ſhades from weſtern hills extend.

Theſe two lines give a picture of evening. It contains only two particulars, yet it ſuggeſts a delightful landſcape. We have the recent ſmoke of the cottage: and fancy immediately ſupplies the return of the cottager; the buſy houſewife; and the blazing hearth:

> Majoreſque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,
> And falling ſhades from weſtern hills extend.

Only the mountains and lengthened ſhadows are mentioned: but they ſuggeſt the ſplendour of a ſetting ſun; a tranquil ſky; the quiet and penſive ſhade of the valley.

The parallel may be proſecuted a little farther.—Though it be allowed that an original and immutable diſtinction ſubſiſts between virtue and vice; yet, according to the conſtitution

or

or habits of different perſons, they applaud different virtues and condemn different vices. Men of a robuſt ſtructure and vigorous turn of mind, are chiefly delighted with great and heroic virtue; they conſider the dangers and difficulties that ariſe from external circumſtances as the teſt of merit; and extol fortitude, courage, and perſeverance, as the higheſt of human exertions. Others again, of a ſofter complexion, and more inclined to the indulgence of amiable and kind affection, are captivated above every thing elſe with diſplays of gentleneſs, compaſſion, and mercy. The ſame thing happens in our judgments, and ſentiments concerning elegant compoſition, and the works of elegant artiſts. One perſon is much captivated with the beauty of ſtile and language: another with ſentiment and moral remark: the imagery that flows from a powerful imagination, is chiefly agreeable to thoſe who are themſelves endowed with inventive energies: and the tender diſplay and expreſſion of paſſion are ſolicited by readers of ſenſibility and ſympathetic tenderneſs. The agony of the dying gladiator fixes the attention of many ſpectators, poſſeſſed both of taſte and judgment; in preference to the grace of the Belvidere Apollo, or the beauty of the Medi-

cæan Venus.—The correſpondence between our principles of taſte, and thoſe of moral approbation, illuſtrated in theſe particulars, ſeems to imply a very intimate and peculiar connection.

Nº VIII.

Quàm temerè in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam! Hor.

SIR,

You have well illuſtrated in your paper on ſelf-deceit, that perſons, conſcious of one good or agreeable quality, take credit, on that account, for a number. They even extend it, as you juſtly obſerve, to the whole character; and think, becauſe they may be praiſe-worthy in one particular, that they are excellent in all. This, no doubt, is a frequent cauſe of that ſelf-impoſition, ſo fatal to our improvement; and which expoſes us ſo often to ridicule for ſmall, and cenſure for great impropriety.

Reflecting on this ſubject, it does not occur to me, that we act in the ſame manner towards other perſons, unleſs they be our particular favourites. The lover, indeed, diſcerning one perfection in the fair idol of his adoration, extends it to the whole both of her external and internal ſtructure: and if ſhe poſſeſſes a fair complexion, he alſo believes, and will ſwear it too, that ſhe has admirable ſenſe, even fine features and an elegant ſhape. The fond parent, finding that a favourite boy has a good memory, fancies alſo

that he is ſo fully endowed with every other intellectual talent, that he ſhall one day be a chancellor or, at leaſt, a biſhop.

In general, however, and except when partiality founded on affection or vanity induces us to do ſometimes to others as we always do to ourſelves, our conduct is very different: and on conſidering the character of any one who is ſuggeſted to our notice for ſome valuable endowments, we obſerve and eſtimate his merits with a coolneſs that will not be ſurpriſed, and an exactneſs that will not be miſtaken. Calculating the preciſe amount of his talents, we limit his pretenſion within accurate bounds; and behaving towards him with the ſtricteſt impartiality, we allow him no more merit than what he really deſerves.

Purſuing this train of thought a little further, we may conſider, how mankind, in the general conduct of life, act towards thoſe in whom they perceive ſome *blemiſh*; and for whom they have no ſuch partiality as ſhall lead them to palliate infirmity, or excuſe imperfection. Will they calculate with exact preciſion, and reſtrain their *cenſure* to the real limits of the tranſgreſſion, to the ſtrict outline of the diſagreeable or blameable quality? I am afraid many of mankind do the very reverſe; and are more inclined to enlarge it than to contract: I am afraid too, that experience

ence will concur with obſervation, in aſſuring us, that we ourſelves too often account the perſon who has committed one fault, or offended by one deviation from our notions of propriety, as altogether culpable and unworthy of any indulgence. Yet this propenſity ought certainly to be corrected; elſe it will expoſe us to ſuch falſe, capricious, and even malignant judgments concerning others as may not only be injurious to them but prejudicial in a high degree to ourſelves. The virtue, both amiable and reſpectable, that ſaves us from ſuch tranſgreſſion; and enables us to judge of mankind in a favorable, liberal, and at the ſame time, equitable manner, is the virtue of candour.

Candour, according to an allegorical repreſentation, is the daughter of diſcernment, the moſt intelligent of celeſtial genii: and of good-nature, the moſt amiable of celeſtial goddeſſes. She inherits, from her parents, correſponding endowments. By the power of diſcernment ſhe is accurate and perſpicacious. She received from him, when ſhe was deputed by Providence to ſojourn among men and promote their felicity, a mirror endowed with peculiar virtues; and which was incapable of being dimmed by the miſts or exhalations of any paſſion or of any affection. Neither hope, nor fear, nor love, nor hatred, in any degree whatever, can ſoil its

brightneſs; or hinder it from repreſenting the actions of men undiſtorted and undiſguiſed. Influenced by the diſpoſition imparted to her by good-nature, ſhe employs it on all proper occaſions; and preſents it to thoſe perſons who liſten to her ſuggeſtions, and are willing to profit by her advice. She is particularly hoſtile to Calumny and Detraction, the offspring of Envy and of Malice; who are employed by them in perverting mankind, and in ſetting them at variance with one another. Whenever ſhe perceives the hearts of thoſe whom ſhe would protect contracting livid ſpots from the breath blown ſecretly from the peſtilential lungs of their infernal Tempters, ſhe preſents her mirror, and with accents, rendered melodious by her mother's influence, entreats them to obſerve the objects of their averſion as they are truly and diſtinctly reflected. Some are ſo far corrupted by the poiſon they have inhaled, that they turn away immediately from the juſt repreſentation: and then the fiends, that had hitherto aſſailed them ſecretly and by myſterious inticement, fix their fangs in their boſoms, and not only taint, but torment them. Thoſe who liſten to her admonition are inſtantly cured: their livid ſpots are expunged: Good-nature ſalutes them; introduces them to Love and Friendſhip; and ſhews them the land of Happineſs. Hoſtile to malignity in every hideous ſhape of Envy,

Inticl

hatred, and vindictive reſentment, ſhe is no leſs hoſtile to ſuſpicion, a cowardly and louring ſpirit, not ſo virulent as the former, but, like them, inimical to human enjoyment, and often employed by them as their fore-runner; that by her enfeebling and polluting influence ſhe may impair, and render the hearts of thoſe whom they would eſtrange from virtue ſuſceptible of their foul operation. Need it be added, that of ſuch parentage, ſo endowed and ſo occupied, the appearance of Candour is altogether engaging? Her ſnow-white veſture, and azure zone ſparkling with ſcattered diamonds, are emblematic of purity, and immutable truth. United to the dignity of her demeanor, the piercing brightneſs of her eye and the authority that ſits enthroned on her forehead, ſhe has ſuch openneſs of aſpect, and a ſmile ſo ſerene, as impart immediate and unlimited confidence. Thoſe who profit by her inſtruction, and eſpecially her female favorites, receive as an inſtant reward, or as an earneſt of higher enjoyment, an appearance ſomewhat ſimilar, and, like her, engaging.

Hoping that this fair Divinity is well known to your readers, I am, Mr. Philanthrope, your obedient ſervant,

BENVOLIO.

THOUGH the ſtile and illuſtration in the following letter being different from the preceding; yet the deſign and ſubject being in a great meaſure the ſame; there is no impropriety in ſubjoining it:

SIR,

I WAS amuſed with your ſtory of Apelles. But you might have given ſome inſtances in the maſculine, as well as in the feminine gender. It is uſual, however, with you maſculine moraliſts, to fancy that women alone are vain and conceited. Yet you are much miſtaken; for you will find as many men, who think, becauſe they can throw themſelves into one graceful attitude, that they reſemble Apollo; as you will find women who, poſſeſſing one tolerable feature, imagine themſelves in all other particulars as beautiful as Venus. I will even reverſe the matter, and aſſure you, that you will find as many men as women, who allow no merit in a neighbour, if they diſcover a ſingle flaw in his character; but extend the unfortunate ſpeck till the whole appearance become unſightly. Nay more, I can exemplify my poſition, as you have done, with a ſtory; and with a ſtory, too, about a painter.

My painter indeed was not Apelles; but for all that, he was not without fancy and obſervation. Having read your ſtory, it immediately occurred

occurred to him, that he might, in like manner, execute a picture of complete deformity. The deformity, however, was not to be abſolutely monſtrous or unnatural; but juſt ſuch uglineſs as may be often met with in faſhionable company. He choſe too, and you may aſſure yourſelf he had my approbation, that the deformity ſhould be a male. But who were to ſit for the picture? Or who were to have the good humour to let him borrow their thick lips, blear eyes, and wry noſes? He, too, had his reſources; and I gave him my aſſiſtance. Both he and I having a tolerable turn for taking miniature likeneſſes with two or three ſtrokes of a pencil, and which we had improved by the good-natured exerciſe of caricature, we both ſet to work: ſo that with due diligence and ſufficient ſecrecy, we had ſoon a very tolerable collection of odd features, abſurd attitudes, awkward limbs, and uncouth poſtures. Often in the playhouſe, ſometimes in the opera, and perhaps in church, we have ſtolen chins, necks, and eyebrows. Our collection was ſoon complete; and the artiſt began the picture. Notwithſtanding the ſubject, it was done *con amore*: and afforded us both very excellent paſtime. The work being finiſhed, there was no longer any occaſion for ſecrecy. The news indeed flew like lightning: "Mr. "Pallet had executed a picture of complete de-

" formity; and had copied from real life!" So every one haſtened to admire the performance; and to ſee, not his own portrait, but that of a friend. Some looked at it through glaſſes; and ſome with their naked eyes; and all ſpied in it the preciſe reſemblance of ſome intimate acquaintance, or worthy neighbour. " Mercy upon " us," cried Mento, " what hideous pair of " ears! my friend Auricola for any wager!" He never obſerved that the hideous length of chin was taken from himſelf; and that nothing was taken from Auricola, who was otherwiſe very handſome, but his enormous ears. " I " would really adviſe you, Mr. Pallet," ſaid Rubicundus, " not to ſhew this picture to " Naſo; he is very choleric; and will immedi- " ately perceive, that you have ſtolen the like- " neſs from him." But Naſo had furniſhed nothing but a groteſque noſe to the picture. The complexion, which exhibited

A ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom,

was borrowed from Rubicundus. " What a " monſter!" exclaimed Porcillus: " What a " ludicrous ſhape! and what a mountain of " ſhoulder! you did not venture ſurely, to ſhew " it to Rubicundus." But Rubicundus, excepting for his complexion, is well-favored, and regularly

gularly proportioned. I was almoſt wicked enough to have aſked Porcillus, for I was preſent at the time, from whom he thought the painter had purloined the pig-eyes of the picture? Or whether the perſon who had ſupplied him with ſuch pitiful luminaries, might not otherwiſe have good looks, and an agreeable figure? In ſhort, as every female in Greece, who had any pretenſions to beauty, though in a ſingle line or feature, fancied herſelf the Apellean Venus; ſo every male of Mr. Pallet's acquaintance believes that his neighbour, who may have ſome one untoward look or unſeemly lineament, has been pourtrayed in every particular in the picture of perfect deformity.—Having in this manner, given you a Rowland for your Oliver, I remain, Mr. Philanthrope, your obedient ſervant,

BEATRICE.

N° IX.

Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quàm ut poſſis; nec natura tua melius, quàm ut velis conſervare quàm plurimos.

Cic.

In the narrative of ſome late voyages into the Pacific Ocean, mention is made of the ſurprizing familiarity of the wild birds in ſome of the newly diſcovered and uninhabited iſlands. In Maſſafuero they ſat in their neſts till they were taken alive. Unaccuſtomed to moleſtation, and unacquainted with mankind, they were not alarmed at their approach; they had no ſuſpicion of ill deſign; and knew not that the wants or curioſity of the human ſpecies could be removed or gratified, by harming them. They ſoon learned a different leſſon; and their erroneous confidence in the inoffenſive nature of their invaders was fully corrected.

On this and ſome other occaſions, I have regretted, that we live on ſuch bad terms with ſo many living creatures, who, like ourſelves, are the ſhort-lived tenants of this little orb. Some indeed are ſo ferocious or ſo troubleſome, that we are compelled, in ſelf-defence, to deſtroy them; and others, no doubt, are neceſſary to our ſubſiſtence.

ſubſiſtence. For the ſcruples of thoſe perſons, and their number is not very great, who carry their humanity ſo far as not to eat of animal food, on account of the havoc which this practice occaſions among innocent cows and ſheep; and who would rather travel on foot than gall the harmleſs ſides of a horſe; are whimſical and ridiculous. At the ſame time, could mankind have all their neceſſities ſupplied, and all their lawful inclinations and appetites gratified, without living in a ſtate of hoſtility with animals of a different kind, or making them ſuffer conſiderable hardſhip, the ſituation would be deſirable. At any rate, we need not carry our depredation and violence to unneceſſary lengths; nor can any thing be advanced to juſtify needleſs cruelty in our uſage of the moſt noiſome reptile, or of the meaneſt inſect. It is particularly to be regretted, that on ſome occaſions the war we wage with irrational animals proceeds not only from whim and caprice, but from principles of a more odious nature. A beautiful little bird with golden plumage lies unfortunately under the ill report, at leaſt with the peaſants in ſome parts of the country, of being akin to an evil ſpirit; and is therefore perſecuted by many of the vulgar with all the rancour of ſuperſtition. Not its harmleſs look, elegant ſhape, or lively colours, can mitigate the rage of bigotry; nor is it to be doubted

that much actual tranſgreſſion is ſuppoſed to be expiated by the death of a yellow-hammer. The account is ſcarcely balanced by the hoſpitable ſhelter ſometimes allowed to ſwallows, or the civilities often ſhewn to the red-breaſt.

Even in our treatment of ſuch animals as are condemned by our actual wants and neceſſities to hardſhip and deſtruction, we ſhould do well to proceed with caution, leſt ſome evil to ourſelves, and of which we are not ſufficiently aware, may be the conſequence. Let us fairly ſet down their neceſſary ſufferings and deſtruction to the exigencies of our own ſituation. Let us alſo remember, that more happineſs has been diffuſed through the world by the tranſient exiſtence of thoſe animals, that miniſter by their death, or the hardſhips they undergo, to our eaſe and welfare, than if they had never exiſted: that though in "corporal ſuffering, the meaneſt inſect we tread "upon feels a pang as great, as when a giant "dies;" yet the death of irrational animals is not embittered with the fears or diſappointed hopes that afflict mankind: and laſtly, that they are the leſs entitled to compaſſion, that they ſeem to know no compaſſion. The trout, that was deceived by an artificial fly, intended the deſtruction of a real one; and the lamb, whoſe innocent blood we bewail, had devoured myriads

of

of thoſe inſects no leſs innocent that burrowed in the tender blade *.

But if we ſay, " their pains are not to be re-
" garded; they are altogether different from
" mankind; and therefore their ſufferings have
" no claim to attention:" if this be our ſentiment, we ſpeak at random; we are not aware of the evil that may thence enſue to ourſelves; nor of the injury done to our own humanity. Every being, that is capable of feeling pain, is entitled to our compaſſion; and, if poſſible, to our protection. If we make difference of kind an excuſe for inhumanity, we run ſome hazard of contracting the circle of our benevolence; and of ſuffering difference of condition to influence us like that of kind: If we ſay quadrupeds are leſs entitled to clemency, or ought to have leſs of the happineſs they are fitted to enjoy, than rational bipeds; we may in time be induced to believe, that he who lives in a hovel, and earns his livelihood by daily labour, is leſs entitled to the lawful indulgence of his deſires, than he who dwells in a palace, and is nouriſhed with dainty fare. We may conceive them, in ſtructure and conſtitution, to be altogether different. The unrelenting Spaniard endeavoured to palliate his

* Helvetius.

barbarity

barbarity to the Indians of Mexico and Peru, by ſaying they were not of the human race, but a ſpecies of monkey. When the ferocious ſlave-maſter in the Weſt Indies, for ſome, though not many of them incur that reproach, cruelly ſcourges his unfortunate negroes; "they are "not men," he ſays, "they are black." Even the civilized and high-minded citizen of ancient Rome, no leſs inhuman to his ſlaves than an avaricious Spaniard or ſavage ſlave-maſter, treated them as if their nature were much inferior to his own; and conſidering them as ſo completely degraded as to have no ſexual diſtinction, he often denoted and ſpoke of them by a term of the neuter gender*. "Cela s'amuſe" ſaid a juvenile French Marquis, in the days of French Marquiſes, moved with ſimilar arrogance; mixed, as it ſeemed to me, with a little envy; "cela "s'amuſe" ſaid he with affected diſdain, as he obſerved the holiday merriment of ſome ſprightly peaſants in the neighbourhood of Amiens. A Carthagenian, we are told by an ancient writer, having caught a lion's whelp, tamed, and ſo conquered its lofty ſpirit, as to make it, when full grown, to carry burdens along the ſtreets of Carthage, like an aſs. But the

* Servitium.

rulers

rulers of the ſtate, moved with indignation at ſeeing a noble animal ſo vilely degraded, puniſhed its owner with death. The puniſhment was, no doubt, exceſſive; yet it was alleged in juſtification of the ſentence, "that he who, in a com-"munity of freemen, had ſo little diſcernment "of real excellence, or was ſo incapable of feel-"ing the dignity of a ſuperior character; would "in like manner, if he had opportunity, con-"trol his brethren, and enthral his country*."

Though I cannot ſay, with ſtrict propriety, that the bounty of Mr. —— to the multitude of ſea-fowl which he feeds, is philanthropical; yet it certainly improves his humanity: I am indeed perſuaded, that his goodneſs to the feathered tribes that partake of his beneficence, renders him more charitable to the needy, and more generous to the deſerving. His houſe is by the ſea-ſide; and his menagerie in an adjoining peninſula. A curliew compelled by hunger, during the ſeverity of a froſty winter, happened to join his poultry at one of their daily meals, and partook of their entertainment. His viſit was unmoleſted; and he returned accompanied with ſome companions, who were equally well-received. The tidings, if I may be allowed the ex-

* Maximus Tyrius.

preſſion,

preſſion, flew abroad, and in a ſhort time, the number of viſitants, viſitants too of different tribes and families, was encreaſed. Their good-natured hoſt was not a little delighted; and ordered their daily repaſt to be given at a certain hour, and to be announced by the ſound of a horn; ſo that when the ſignal was heard, the flutter of wings, and the ſcreamings of impatient joy, while the company flocked together from their rocks and promontories, was truly amuſing. After the banquet, the ſatisfied gueſts without fear or moleſtation, flew away to their different haunts and retreats. Though this ſort of attendance was, no doubt, whimſical; yet in the worthy perſon who, having witneſſed the tranſaction, aſſured me of the fact, it produced ſome very pleaſing ſenſations. The benefactor ſeemed like the vicegerent of Heaven upon earth, giving food to the hungry, and imparting relief, from the abundance of his well deſerved ſtores, to the needy. Nor have I any doubt, but that his charitable and liberal diſpoſitions to his brethren of mankind muſt have been improved and enlarged by this odd ſort of hoſpitality; for a good, as well as an evil propenſity acquires force by indulgence.

In like manner the Duke of —— had a favorite horſe. He grew old and unfit for ſervice.

" He

"He muſt be ſold," ſaid a prudent groom. "He ſhall not be ſold," ſaid his Grace; "but "ſhall live all the reſt of his days, in that ſtable "and in that encloſure;" pointing to a ſtable and park which he had ſet apart for the reception of ſuch worthy and ſuperannuated veterans. The groom grew old and unfit for ſervice. "He "muſt be diſmiſſed," ſaid a ſagacious ſteward. "He ſhall not be diſmiſſed," ſaid his Grace; "nor you either, when you grow ſtiff and hoary. "Shall I protect the old-age of a deſerving horſe, "and not provide for the infirmities of a "deſerving ſervant?" He has accordingly a number of neat cottages on the ſide of a pleaſant field which ſerves them as a ſort of common. Every cottage, with its adjoining garden, has a male or female inhabitant; and every inhabitant has a ſuitable annuity. They are invited occaſionally to the manſion-houſe; when any proſperous event in the family, ſuch as a birth or marriage, juſtifies uncommon feſtivity; and occupying ſuch ſeats as ſuited their former ſituation either in the ſteward's room, or in the ſervant's hall, their cheerfulneſs proves an incitement to the care and integrity of their ſucceſſors. Churliſh muſt that perſon be, who ſees them walking around their field in a ſummer evening, talking about the events that happened long ago

at the caſtle, and "what a ſprightly, good-hu-
"moured boy their maſter was when at ſchool
"or college;" very churliſh muſt he be who diſ-
dains, or does not enter into, their joy.

N° X.

——Hæc eſt
Ærugo mera. HOR.

ALTHOUGH a Philanthropical ſtate of mind, or in other words, a diſpoſition to indulge in ſocial feeling, and give encouragement to kind affection, be certainly very pleaſing, and on many occaſions delightful; yet the duty of the Philanthrope, who would inſtruct his brethren, is not always agreeable. He muſt himſelf contemplate, and muſt delineate to others, many views of human conduct, that have no other effect, than to excite ſentiments of averſion, of hatred, and of diſguſt. Having to caution the unwary againſt pretended merit, and to unveil the features of diſguiſed depravity, he muſt be vigilant in obſerving, accurate in diſtinguiſhing, and bold in detecting the lamentable mixture of vileneſs that is often blended in the ſame character with moſt excellent qualities; and which may in time not only taint but corrupt them. It is with pain, for inſtance, that he diſcovers, as it is with reluctance that he diſplays, ſome peſtilential blights and inauſpicious ſhades in the character

of the ſhrewd, the ſenſible, the good-humoured, and kind Placidio.

Placidio affects to have no information, and to ſeek none, about the miſconduct of an intimate acquaintance, who may have incurred ſome reproach. Yet he goes where the affair is likely to be ſpoken of; liſtens attentively, not ſeeming, however, to do ſo, while it is mentioned; pretends not to believe it: and this has the additional effect of eliciting more circumſtances from the narrator, in the way of corroborating or of rendering the ſtory probable. If the ſubject is not likely to be introduced, he ſuggeſts ſomething apparently different; but which in the train of thought may be connected indirectly with what he wiſhes to hear related. Having heard the whole, he ſpeaks, and looks ſignificantly, but ambiguouſly; and leaves himſelf perfectly free to ſay on any future occaſion, that he either credited or diſcredited, approved or diſapproved of the information. Yet Placidio, with a great deal of ſagacity, is alſo reckoned a good-tempered man.

Placidio can liſten to the praiſes of a perſon whom he diſlikes, or of whom he is jealous. But though impatient of the ſubject, he does not directly oppoſe the panygeric. Yet he treats it ſlightly or indifferently, and is very fond on ſuch occaſions of ſlurring it over, or of changing

changing the topic by ſome ſuch remark; as, "Who doubts it?" or, "all that is very well "known:" or, "that is nothing but what every "one expects:" or, "it is rather ſurpriſing, "conſidering the perſon's high reputation, that "his merits," on the particular occaſion alluded to, "ſhould not be greater."

Placidio, with great commiſeration, is ſure to inform the perſon he diſlikes, or of whom he is jealous, concerning any cenſorious remark or obſervation to his diſadvantage. "He knows "that his friend undervalues ſuch things; but "ſince they are ſaid, it is proper that he ſhould "know them. It is a pity," continues he, "that they are ſaid:" and though they deſerve no notice; yet he is ſure to ſpeak of them; and, as far as he can, to give them currency. Or, with a great ſhew of candor and ſincerity, "he "thinks, upon the whole, that it is highly pro-"per his friend ſhould be fully apprized and "certified that the matter was in circulation. "Nay, he is really not ſorry for it, as it may "tend to correct ſome improprieties, to which "he really muſt confeſs his friend is a little "liable." Or with apparent good-humour, he gives the tale circulation by laughing at it, or by treating it, as an "excellent joke."

Placidio can endure the high reputation of a rival or an opponent with much ſeeming patience and unconcern. But if the rival ſtumble, or make a falſe ſtep, or forfeit ſome opinion, it is then that he indulges his animoſity. Still, however, he proceeds with caution. His ſteady and determined hatred is not diſplayed with violence, or expreſſed with impetuoſity. He watches a long time for the opportunity of carrying along with him the public, or ſome reſpectable opinion; he then infixes the cruel fang, and then infuſes the deadly poiſon. If ever his diſguiſed, but latent paſſions appear, it is on ſuch occaſions; nor can he very eaſily ſuppreſs the exultation he feels, on contraſting in his own mind the eſteem in which he conceives himſelf to be held, with the degradation of his opponent. Yet Placidio is a popular character, and is reckoned a good-tempered man.

Towards his rivals or opponents he is alſo very fond of employing a well known ſpecies of illiberal irony; and occaſionally tells them, with a ſhew of perfect good-humour, and with perfect eaſe and complacency, "Sir, a man of your "opulence;" or "a man of your genius;" or, "of your extenſive knowlege;" or, "of your "connections, and intereſt with the great." By this ſort of invidious remark, which he ſcl

of.

off as mere banter and raillery, he brings as much into view as poſſible the vanity or oſtentation which he would have annexed to ſuch characters as he would vilify. Thus too, he moſt eaſily and moſt ſmilingly endeavours to deſtroy any inclination that other perſons might have to promote their fame or their fortune. He expoſes them alſo to that ſort of envy or diſguſt which men are too apt to feel towards thoſe who ſeem very deſirous of riſing rapidly above their equals. Still further, if they meet with misfortune he is at pains to repreſent it as much leſs than it is; and ſo of preventing them from becoming objects of too much attention or commiſeration, for ſuch ſentiments are not very remote from eſteem and attachment. Nay, affecting regard for them, he would have it believed, that they complain a great deal more than is needful, and for the ſole purpoſe of enticing kindneſſes from their friends. "No one," ſays he, "knows ſuch or ſuch a perſon better "than I do, or has a greater regard for him; "but I really know that his ſituation is not nearly "ſo bad as he would have it appear." The ſame affectation of intimacy with the perſon he wiſhes to leſſen, gives weight alſo to any remark, which with counterfeited reluctance and heſitation he would make to their diſadvantage.

If the honeſt, well-meaning, but violent impetuoſo has occaſion to expreſs diſapprobation againſt other perſons, or make obſervations unfavorable to their character or conduct, either in their preſence or in their abſence, he does it almoſt in a rage. He is ſo moved and agitated, that the ſymptoms of his diſpleaſure affect his tones and his looks. Thus his remark makes no impreſſion or no ſuch impreſſion as he intends. Placidio on the other hand, makes obſervations equally ſevere and virulent, but with ſo much compoſure and ſelf-poſſeſſion, that virulent though they be, they ſeem the reſult of the moſt perfect good-humour. Conveying the moſt poignant ſarcaſm, it ſeems a pleaſantry, an effuſion of gaiety, and meaning no ſort of harm. He ſeems deſirous by expreſſing it, of only exciting a laugh; but thoſe who receive the intended impreſſion, and who are not aware of Placidio's intention, reflecting on the matter afterwards, feel all the diſlike and averſion which he intends to excite.

With all this, Placidio is a popular character, and excepting for the blemiſhes now illuſtrated, he is entitled to be ſo. Steady in his hatred of a rival or an opponent, dexterous in detraction, and not averſe to encourage it even againſt perſons who have not offended him, having great command of temper, and uncommon ability in

ſuppreſſing

ſuppreſſing every ſign of diſpleaſure or vexation, even when his feelings are fiercely rankled, being beſides very aſſiduous in pleaſing and careſſing his friends, he ſteals into favor and partiality; and withal, exhibits a moſt ſtriking example, in thoſe inſtances where he chuſes to perſecute, of good-humoured malignity.

Nº XI.

Cauſa periculi non crimen ullum. TAC.

MR. EDEN of Wildroſe-hall had made his fortune in India. A very ſhort time before his return to England, having ſeen at Calcutta an amiable and beautiful young Lady, the couſin and companion of Lady Alwin, the wife of Colonel Alwin; and never conſidering her ſmall or no dowry as any objection, he aſked, and received her hand. He regarded her beauty, amiable diſpoſitions, and elegant accompliſhments as ſufficient dowry; nor was he diſappointed in his choice, for ſhe was as deſerving as ſhe was fair. On his return to Britain, he purchaſed a fine houſe and extenſive park in the weſtern part of Eſſex; and having nothing wherewithal to accuſe himſelf during his reſidence in the Eaſt, and being therefore as eaſy in mind as in external circumſtances, he flattered himſelf with the proſpect of happineſs.

One dark autumnal evening, ſoon after he had taken poſſeſſion of his villa, while ſitting in his parlour during a dreadful ſtorm of rain, thunder, and lightning, a poſt-chaiſe drove up to

his door; and a ſervant informed him, that an old gentleman, wiſhed for permiſſion to paſs the night in his houſe. He learned too, that the ſtranger was juſt come from the Continent; that he was on his way from Colcheſter to London; that the driver, not well acquainted with the country, and confounded with the violence of the tempeſt, had miſtaken the lane that led to Wildroſe-hall for the road to Rumford; and that the gentleman was ſo very ill, that he could not venture to go even as far as the neareſt inn. It is needleſs to ſay, that he was received with the kindeſt welcome. For, beſides that Mr. Eden's humanity would have ſo inclined him; there was ſomething particularly intereſting in the gray hair, dignified courage, open countenance, and dejected air of the ſtranger. He remained ſome days at the hall till he ſomewhat recovered, and in that time the prepoſſeſſions of Eden in his behalf grew into ſtrong attachment.

"I have been indeed unfortunate," ſaid the old gentleman, giving ſome account of himſelf as ſoon as his ſtrength permitted him; "and I "know not that my misfortunes are at an end. "I was happily eſtabliſhed in the early part of "my life as a Phyſician in the North of Eng- "land. By the death of a maternal uncle in "the iſland of Antigua, and whoſe name I was

"by

" by his will appointed to aſſume, I ſucceeded
" to a conſiderable fortune. It was neceſſary,
" however, that I ſhould go thither to receive
" the inveſtiture and poſſeſſion of his property
" and eſtates. The veſſel in which I ſailed was
" ſeized by a Mooriſh Pirate; was carried to
" Barbary; and I was never heard of I believe,
" by my friends: for the governor of Mogadore
" learning my profeſſion, ſent me immediately,
" to Fez, to render what aſſiſtance I could to
" the Emperor of Morocco, who was at that
" time afflicted with a dangerous malady. I
" was willing, from every conſideration, to
" give him all the aid in my power; and hoped
" that if I was ſucceſsful, my freedom might be
" the price of my ſervices. But I was cruelly
" diſappointed. My ſucceſs in reſtoring the
" Emperor to health, made him conceive me ſo
" neceſſary to his welfare, that he would not
" ſuffer me to depart: ſo that obſerving my
" impatience, he allowed me to have no com-
" munication with any perſon whatever, who
" could give notice of my ſituation to any of the
" Britiſh Conſuls. In all other reſpects I muſt
" do him the juſtice of acknowledging, that I was
" treated with the utmoſt kindneſs, and lived
" even in a ſtate of barbarous luxury. After
" the Emperor's death, my ſituation for ſome

" time

" time underwent no change, for his ſucceſſor " conſidered me as no leſs neceſſary to himſelf " than I had been to his father. At length, " however, my melancholy was growing into " deſpondency; I had been eighteen years in a " ſtate of captivity; my health was viſibly im- " paired, and the young Emperor, with an hu- " manity which I muſt commend, conſented to " my departure. Nor did he part with me " without expreſſions of friendſhip; and an am- " ple compenſation, not for the bondage I had " endured, but for the ſervices I had rendered " him. I returned by Italy and Germany, on " account of the troubles in France; and com- " ing from Hamburgh to Colcheſter, I am not " more afflicted with fatigue and weakneſs, " than with anxiety to receive intelligence of " my family, which conſiſted at the time I left " them, of a wife, and infant of three years old. " If they ſurvive, I may yet be happy: I left " them in eaſy circumſtances, and to the care " of an affectionate friend. But if they ſurvive " not!" he ſighed, and his voice faltered, " if " they ſurvive not! would to Heaven that I " alſo were dead! or had never returned!"

Eden's ſympathy, and deſire of affording him relief, need not be doubted. He inquired by what addreſs he might procure him, the import-

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ant information he ſo anxiouſly wiſhed for. "I have already written," ſaid he, "from Col-"cheſter, and have alſo written from this place. "I perſuade myſelf that in the ſpace of a day, or "few hours, I ſhall be certified of my happi-"neſs, or utter miſery. I was Dr. Clement in "the city of Leeds."—"Merciful Heaven!" interrupted Eden. "Dr. Clement of Leeds! my "friend, my deliverer, and my protector!" he fell on his neck and embraced him. The ſtranger was overwhelmed with amazement. "And have you forgot me?" cried Eden; "the poor boy whom you ſaved from ignomi-"nious puniſhment; received into your family, "educated and ſent abroad?"—"Frank!" ſaid the venerable old man, ſcarcely able to ſpeak for tears; "Frank, whom I ſent to ſchool?" "The "ſame, the ſame," ſaid Eden; "poor Frank "Eden! whom you ſaved and protected; who "am now, by the bleſſing of Heaven, in "wealth and eſteem: and glad, beyond the "power of expreſſion, at now meeting, and "under my own roof, with my kind benefactor."

Francis Eden, had been a poor man's ſon. His parents having died while he was yet an infant; and being left to the care of a diſtant relation, it need not be a matter of ſurprize, if at ten years old his education ſhould have been neglected,

neglected, and his habits unpromiſing. In fact, he had been carried before a magiſtrate for attempting to take ſome fruit from a gentleman's garden. The poor orphan was to have been puniſhed and ſent to the workhouſe. Dr. Clement was preſent. Moved by his ingenuous appearance, by his tears and helpleſs condition, he interpoſed; took him home to his houſe; found him worthy of his attention; had him educated; and recommended him to a merchant in London. By him, being found deſerving, he was ſent out to India; where by the moſt able, upright, and honorable conduct, he realized ſuch a ſum as enabled him to return with ſplendor.

But neither ſplendor of outward circumſtances, nor high reputation, nor even the conſciouſneſs of virtue, had been able to ſecure his felicity. His friend perceived it. Sitting under a walnut-tree in the ſhrubbery adjoining to the houſe, while they expected the return of Dr. Clement's diſpatches, "You ſeem thoughtful," ſaid he to Eden; "too thoughtful for the happi-"neſs of your condition." Eden looked at him with ſome ſurprize; ſighed; fixed his eyes on the ground: "You have obſerved it then?" he ſaid. "Indeed, my friend, I am afraid I am "not happy. And to you, I will uſe no reſerve.

"Yet

"Yet I cannot expreſs the cauſe; it is ſo "ſtrange; ſo unexpected; but ſo ſufficient to "ſpoil my peace. My wife"—and then he pauſed; was unable to ſpeak.—Clement gazed with amazement. He was alſo terrified. Hideous images poſſeſſed his fancy. He was afraid and loth to make any inquiry. He had thought the wife of his friend in all reſpects excellent. She was indeed reſerved; and had ſomething dejected in her appearance. But ſhe was withal ſo correct in her deportment, ſo reſpectful to her huſband, ſo attentive to his friend.—"It is impoſſible! ſhe muſt be good!" he thus rallied his recollection; baniſhed ſuſpicion; was aſhamed of his fears; and with ſome indignation, not againſt Eden, but againſt himſelf, "is ſhe not excellent?" he exclaimed. "Moſt excellent!" replied his friend, "moſt "lovely! moſt engaging! blameleſs as an angel "of light! and yet I fear"—and he groaned with anguiſh—"I fear I am not her choice." His friend, in the kindeſt and moſt affectionate manner, wiſhed for more information.

"Her delicacy of mind," ſaid Eden, "is in"deed moſt afflicting. She had no fortune; "was underſtood to be of reſpectful parentage; "had been entitled to high expectation; had "loſt her parents; and had become dependent.

"Satisfied

" Satisfied in every reſpect concerning her ſen-
" timents and her deportment; penetrated with
" her beauty and her accompliſhments; and
" obſerving how much it pained her to ex-
" patiate on the circumſtances of her early
" life, I have hitherto, as we have not
" been long united, refrained from being very
" minute in my inquiry into particulars: the
" more ſo, that on all ſuch occaſions, ſhe ſeems
" to feel herſelf more indebted to me than
" perhaps her own feelings, and I am ſure
" more than mine, can endure. This indeed
" is the ſource of my ſuffering. She appears
" to have continually in her thoughts, that I
" have raiſed her to opulence from a ſtate of
" dependence. She does not ſet ſufficient value
" on her deſerts; and is too deeply impreſſed
" with the ſenſe of great obligation. She re-
" ſpects me indeed too much; is grateful, but
" does not love. Her love is loſt in exceſſive
" gratitude: What can I do? All my endea-
" vours to make her eaſy, all my deſires of
" pleaſing, give additional weight to the kind-
" neſs that has oppreſſed her. I almoſt deſpair
" of meeting in her with that friendſhip and af-
" fection which can ſubſiſt between thoſe perſons
" only who think themſelves ſomewhat equal.

" And if ſo, ſuch is my diſpoſition, that our " connection cannot be happy."—" Have you " ever," ſaid Clement, with great anxiety, " have you ever ſpoken to her on this very in- " tereſting and important ſubject ?"

" Mrs. Alwin," anſwered Eden, " has done " ſo; not however, as at my ſuggeſtion; but in " conſequence, as it were, of their mutual " attachment; and has received from her the " moſt ingenuous, yet painful confeſſion of her " infirmity. She tells her, that feeling high " obligation, ſhe cannot view me on ſuch a " footing of equality as would juſtify the free- " dom, eaſe, and familiarity which I ſo ſin- " cerely deſire."—" Has ſhe any other rela- " tion," ſaid Clement, " than the family of " Mrs. Alwin ?"—" I know not that ſhe has," anſwered Eden. " Her father, whoſe name " was Fitzalleyn, had ſome property in this " country; but much more in one, I know not " which, of our American iſlands. While yet " an infant ſhe loſt her mother; and her father, " for ſome reaſon that I never knew, or do not " remember, had before that time gone abroad, " and has never been heard of. Meantime her " eſtate in the Weſt Indies has been ſo much " embezzled, or ſo unproductive, that it ha-

" ſerved

" ſerved her in little ſtead; and thoſe perſons " who had charge of what property ſhe had at " home, having become bankrupt, ſhe fell into " thoſe circumſtances which are as painful to " remember as to endure. The only perſon " who ſhewed her any friendſhip was Mrs. " Alwin, who treated her indeed as a ſiſter, and " whom ſhe accompanied to Calcutta."

Clement ſeemed to give ſlight attention to the concluding part of the narrative. He was loſt in the deepeſt abſtraction; he groaned; ſtruck his hand on his forehead; and his boſom heaved with extreme agitation. Eden obſerving, aſked " if he was indiſpoſed?" He did not anſwer; did not ſeem to have heard him; roſe from his ſeat; and walked about in extreme perturbation. Then turning abruptly, " I muſt ſee Mrs. Eden." " She ſhall wait upon you," ſaid Eden, tenderly, but with aſtoniſhment. " She is my daughter," exclaimed the ſtranger. " Has not that occurred " to you? But no! I muſt not ſay ſo. Alas! I " may be miſtaken. Yet I, on leaving England, " took the name of Fitzalleyn; left my daughter " an infant; was never heard of! Her mother " dead!" So ſaying he fell back, on the ſeat, and found relief in a flood of tears. The ſtate of Eden's feelings defy words and deſcription.

His aſtoniſhment, however, ſome tranſient doubts, and ſome fears ſoon rebuked by his hopes, and his hopes themſelves were inſtantly abſorbed in all the raviſhment of expectation. The dear object of his faithful and moſt tender regard muſt be the child of his earlieſt friend, of his deliverer, of his protector! She was now to feel herſelf on that footing of equality, which, in the extreme, and ſomewhat blameable delicacy of her ſentiments, ſhe held eſſential to the eaſe and confidence of mutual love. If any obligation remained, he was to be the perſon obliged. He aſſured his friend "that it muſt "be ſo; and as far as youth could reſemble "age, that his daughter reſembled him; and "urged him therefore to give immediate inti-"mation to his dear Matilda."—"Matilda was "the name of my child," ſaid Clement, now recovered from agitation, and in a tone of acquieſcing complacency. "But ſtill there may be "ſome miſtake; and the conſequences of diſap-"pointment in a matter ſo intimately intereſt-"ing to us both, and to your dear Matilda, "might be unſpeakably fatal. The probabi-"lities are as you ſay; but we muſt not yield "to them raſhly."

A ſervant

A ſervant now announced to them the arrival of Mrs. Alwin. Her father was one of the perſons to whom Clement, who was his kinſman, and not knowing that he was the father of Mrs. Alwin, had addreſſed himſelf for information. He ſent, by his daughter, who flew on the wings of friendſhip, the very joyful intelligence, which Eden and his honored benefactor had already, the one with eagerneſs, and the other with caution, ventured in ſome degree to anticipate. Yet the joy of Clement, while he bleſſed his affectionate child was mingled with ſad remembrance, and with the tender recollection of her amiable mother. Time, however, and the conſolation he now received, reſtored him to becoming compoſure; beams of the gentleſt ſerenity ſhone on his hoary locks; for his children continued virtuous; and were rewarded with as much enjoyment as virtue can here expect.

WHATSOEVER opinion may be formed of the preceding ſtory, which is founded on facts, and whatſoever ſentiments it may tend to excite, I perſuade myſelf that one reflection in particular will ariſe unſuggeſted in the breaſts of my philanthropical friends; for they will reflect with pleaſure, that the indulgence of a philanthro-

pical temper, and the performance of benevolent actions, may produce effects so beneficial, as to mock calculation; and in ways beyond the reach of conjecture; and at times when expectation is dead.

N° XII.

Condimentum amicitiæ haudquaquam mediocre ſuavitas ſermonum atque morum. Cic.

MR. PHILANTHROPE,

I AM quite vexed and chagreened. My ſiſter is certainly a very good girl. She is amiable, accompliſhed, very intelligent indeed, and very much eſteemed. I believe too, that her affection to me is both ſincere and tender. I know ſhe loves me; yet ſhe has vexed and cut me to the very heart. I have ſeveral times meant and endeavoured to complain. But the moment I begin, ſhe prevents me. She either laughs, but in the kindeſt manner, at my attempted remonſtrance; or ſays ſomething ſo very affectionate, that I am unable to proceed. The treatment too which diſtreſſes me is indeed of ſuch a ſort, as makes it very difficult for me to ſtate or even to ſpeak about it.

My ſiſter and I, though I am but twenty, and ſhe not a great deal older, keep houſe together. We loſt both our parents about eighteen months ago; and having no very near relations; and having been left in very eaſy circum-

ſtances, and my ſiſter being reckoned very ſenſible indeed, our friends were of opinion, that we ought not to ſeparate, or to live otherwiſe than we had done during the lives of our dear father and mother. This ſtep was ſo much the more adviſable, that our education had been very correct and that my poor mother having lingered long in the fatal diſtemper that deprived us of her good example, my ſiſter and I had for ſome time taken charge of the family. Nor have we had any reaſon to repent of our determination. We live quietly; have the good fortune to be well liked by ſome reſpectable friends and diſtant relations, in whoſe houſes we often viſit, and who are ſometimes with us; and who are very kind in carrying us as often as we chuſe, which however is not very often, to the play or the opera. Our time when we are by ourſelves is employed in reading, drawing, muſic, or needle-work, but chiefly reading. So that you would think it impoſſible for two young perſons, in our ſituation, to live more happily; and upon the whole, we do live happily, but for one little circumſtance which I am going to tell you.

My ſiſter, as I have already mentioned, is reckoned very ſenſible and well-informed. I am ſure I have always thought ſo; and have [illegible] beh[illegible]ved

behaved to her, not only with affection, but with the utmoſt deference and reſpect. I do every thing ſhe deſires me, and agree with all her opinions. Why then does ſhe treat me, I am ſorry to ſay it, on many occaſions, too much as her inferior? She regards me too often, I will not ſay with contempt but with a certain faſtidiouſneſs, or ſuperciliouſneſs of manner, that is altogether vexatious. If I venture to give an opinion on any general ſubject, or to ſay any thing about what we have been reading, ſhe immediately interpoſes; and either contradicts me, or is ſo aſſiduous to correct my miſtakes, that ſhe expreſſes the whole matter herſelf. What ſeems to me very extraordinary is, that ſhe never does ſo when we are by ourſelves; but liſtens to me with the utmoſt attention; and ſets me right, if I fall into any miſtake, with the utmoſt kindneſs. Before company, however, the matter is ſadly different. It is always, "Dear "ſiſter, how can you ſay ſo?" and, "How "ſtrangely the girl chatters!" and "Pray, "Wilhelmena, why will you ſpeak of matters "you know nothing about?" and, "People "ſhould be acquainted with the ſubjects about "which they venture to give an opinion." In ſhort, Sir, I ſhall very ſoon ſcarcely venture to ſpeak.

To be ſure ſhe was very right in correcting my inaccuracy, the other night, at Lady Ridley's, when talking about Mrs. Siddons, I mentioned inadvertently *Congreve*'s Iſabella. Yet even this ſhe might have done, without drawing the attention of the whole company to my miſtake. At any rate, when I was giving an account of Lady Lambert's ball, at which I was preſent, there was no occaſion why ſhe, who was not preſent, ſhould interrupt me with a "Nay, child, "you muſt be miſtaken in the circumſtance of "the ſervant's ſpilling the lemonade on Miſs "Gayley's pink ſattin petticoat; for it was not "a ſervant, but young Mr. Weſtley." And ſo on with the whole ſtory, "as from the beſt "authority," without allowing me to ſay a ſingle ſyllable. I was really a good deal abaſhed; and I own I thought the company were not altogether pleaſed with her interruption; for when ſhe had ended, my couſin Colonel Edwards aſked me with an air of great indulgence and complaiſance, "If that was my account of the "matter?" But, Sir, although my ſiſter had not been very accurate, I made no ſort of remark, but ſaid, ſuppreſſing the little uneaſineſs I felt as much as poſſible, that "ſo far as I recollected, "the account they had heard was very juſt."

But, Sir, the accident that happened laſt night at Lady Ebryn's has ſomehow fluttered and given me more uneaſineſs than any other. Lord Ebryn, her Ladyſhip's eldeſt ſon, who, by the way, has ſhewn particular attentions both to my ſiſter and me; and I am ſure I think my ſiſter would be very happy in an union with a young man of ſo much merit and ſo univerſally liked.—Lord Ebryn, as I was ſaying, having been laſt ſummer in Scotland, was deſcribing the apartment in Holyrood-houſe that had been occupied by Mary Queen of Scots; and I happening to remark that it was very barbarous in Darnly to have David Rizzio put to death in her preſence; my ſiſter immediately interrupted me, and told me how idly I talked, for that "Rizzio was not killed in preſence of the "Queen, but was firſt dragged into an anti-"chamber." The interruption was ſo very unexpected; and Lord Ebryn looked at me with ſo much pity, no doubt on account of my ignorance, that contrary to my uſual conduct, I preſumed to reply; and ſaid, "that perhaps it "might be ſo, but that I thought hiſtorians "were not altogether agreed on the ſubject." She inſtantly anſwered, "It was impoſſible there "could be any difference of opinion; for that "Lady Sewell, who had alſo been very lately

"in

" in Scotland, had ſeen, with her own eyes " the bloody ſtain that yet remained in the " floor of the anti-chamber;" and aſked Lord Ebryn, " if it was not ſo?" He anſwered, though indeed with ſome coldneſs, that " cer- " tainly ſuch a ſtain was ſhewn;" and then my ſiſter, I am afraid ſomewhat ſarcaſtically, though with apparent good-humour, rejoined; " You are better acquainted, my dear ſiſter, " with Harriot Byron than with Queen Mary, " with the plan of Grandiſon-hall than with " the palace of Holyrood-houſe." Nothing could be more vexatious. I had almoſt cryed; for indeed, Sir, I am not addicted to novel-reading; and it was cruel to inſinuate ſuch a thing before Lord Ebryn, or rather before Lady Ebryn, of whoſe favorable opinion I am very ambitious.

Pray, Sir, write a paper on friendſhip; and ſhew, that circumſtances of neglect or ill-treatment, which ſeem trifling, and are not, perhaps, in themſelves, of great importance, have a tendency very often to impair the kindeſt and beſt attachments.

I am,

Your obedient ſervant,

WILHELMENA WISELY.

N° XIII.

Qui exemplo aliis eſſe debetis, aliorum exemplo peccetis potius quàm alii veſtro recte faciant. LIV.

"MAN," in the words of Ariſtotle, "is an "imitative animal;" but ſome men are more imitative than others. In Scaurus there is a boldneſs, an impetuoſity, and eccentric vehemence, that render him impatient of reſtraint, and incapable of faſhioning his conduct even according to ſuch models as he approves. He deviates from every track. Deſultory and keen, he is therefore original. Emilius is a waxen figure, pliant, and ſuſceptible of every impreſſion. He ſtrives, but is not always ſucceſsful, to exhibit the manner, and ſpeak the language of every one, who has happened to pleaſe him. Gentle, ductile, and complaiſant, he cannot help being an imitator.

Some other diſtinctions deſerve attention. All originals are not, like Scaurus, keen and impetuous. Some are cool, diſpaſſionate, and determined; have great firmneſs and ſtrength of mind; and therefore think and act for themſelves. Neither are all imitators ſoft and gentle.

They are ſometimes of athletic form and ſtentorian voice; ſeemingly abhorrent of every thing feeble or effeminate. But harſh and unconciliating though they be, they may often be detected in the moſt ſervile imitation; the very ſhadows of ſhadows. Such diſproportion we may often obſerve between the outward and inward man.

Nor is it always an indication of genius, that a man is no imitator. Lucius has no pretenſions to original thinking; yet he acts according to his own views; or, to ſpeak more properly, according to his humours. He is the creature of indolence and of appetite. Very good-natured, very ſlothful, and very careleſs of fame, he never conſiders how the conduct of others would ſuit himſelf. He may be pleaſed with the faſhion of a coat, or the colour of a ſtocking; but he never imagines the coat on his own back, or the ſtocking on his own leg; and ſo forms no concluſion concerning their fitneſs or unfitneſs to his own look or appearance. No man imitates who has not ſome deſire after fame; he ſees a conduct which he thinks becoming; he conceives that with the ſame appearance he would be equally becoming; and ſo aſſumes the appearance.

Nor does a propenſion to imitate always indicate defect of genius. The man of original genius may often feel very ſtrongly the qualities that pleaſe him in other men; he admires and applauds them. He wiſhes alſo to be admired and applauded. He would be ſo, if he followed the bias of his own nature. But he is diffident; he will rather try to excel by what is acknowledged to be excellent, than venture into untrodden paths. This is often the caſe with men of inventive talents. They are eaſily moved; and of conſequence, as they ſee many circumſtances of delicacy that are not obvious to others, they are eaſily abaſhed. Poſſeſſing lively imagination and quick ſenſibility, their imagination is often controlled by a timid anxiety that leads to irreſolution. Or they imitate becauſe their feelings are ſo totally agitated by the pleaſure they receive from the conduct they applaud, and their attention ſo fixed upon it, that during the time they are moved they can think of no other method of acting. We may readily ſuppoſe, to borrow a literary illuſtration, that in this manner, the ſenſibilities and even fancy of Virgil, rendered him, on many occaſions, a very cloſe, too cloſe an imitator of Homer.

Imitative

Imitative as we are, it is of the utmoſt conſequence that we follow excellent and proper models. Nor is it ſufficient that we be well aſcertained concerning what may in a general view be expedient or inexpedient to imitate; but particularly, concerning what may be ſuitable or unſuitable to our own ſituation and character. The manners of a ſoldier may be very good for a ſoldier; but all that may be becoming or excuſable in him would not be ſo in a clergyman. The manners of a man ſo conſtituted, as that the more dignified or maſculine virtues are moſt congenial to him, would be ſomewhat improper in a perſon leſs maſculine, and to whom ſofter qualities and more obſequious virtues are moſt congenial. To imitate with advantage we muſt not only know what imitable qualities are good in themſelves; but what would be ſuitable to our character and condition.

It is generally ſuppoſed, that men imitate according to their original turn of mind. This often happens. But it alſo happens, that men miſtake themſelves, and fancy that a certain ſyſtem of conduct becomes them, when the caſe is ſo entirely the reverſe, that it is pronounced, by every impartial ſpectator to be altogether incongruous. Leander is of this deſcription.

ſcription. He has admirable talents, a lively ſenſe of what is excellent, and a ſtrong deſire to excel. He might eaſily excel by following the ſuggeſtions of his own underſtanding, and the impulſe of his own diſpoſitions: but he is liable to a certain delicate timidity and ſuſceptibility of impreſſion that have rendered him an imitator. Unfortunately too, his diſcernment of excellence in others, and his deſire of excelling, anticipated his diſcernment of himſelf; ſo that, in his imitations, he has followed unſuitable models. Perhaps too, the earlieſt examples of diſtinguiſhed merit preſented to his conſideration, were different from that ſort of merit of which his own nature was moſt ſuſceptible. Of an humane, tender, and affectionate diſpoſition, and poſſeſſing talents more akin to taſte than to genius, and more akin alſo to powers of fanciful invention than of abſtract reaſoning; he followed a different track. He ſaw perſons of firm and manly virtue, endowed with great vigour and ſtrength of mind, diſplaying, or ſeeming to diſplay, much judgment and underſtanding. He accordingly choſe to be diſtinguiſhed by a ſimilar degree of force and intellect. Inſtead of yielding to his natural love of ſociety, and of indulging his inherent benignity,

he affects taciturnity, and assumes statelineſs of demeanor. Unfortunately when a character is assumed that is not natural, it is often strained to exceſs; ſo that the affected reſerve of the humane and good-natured Leander paſſes ſometimes for moroſeneſs. His miſtakes alſo betray him into inconſiſtency. He loves the cheerfulneſs and hilarity, though not the boiſterous jocularity, of ſocial life; and ſometimes when he affects to deſpiſe them, his real likings come acroſs and diſconcert his pretenſions. Propoſe to him ſome ſcheme of amuſement, a tavern dinner, for inſtance, or a viſit to ſome country gentleman, who will give his gueſts a hearty welcome, and afford them a good deal of merriment, but not much philoſophy or erudition; aſk him to be of the party, and he will ſeem ſurprized, and wonder how you can ſo ſquander away your time. Yet you may depend upon meeting him at the place appointed. He comes perhaps after the company are aſſembled; and if you ſay you did not expect him, he affects tones of indifference; he recollected, he will tell you, that ſome one was to be preſent with whom he had ſome material buſineſs, and that was the ſole reaſon of his coming. In all this, however, he does not mean to deceive you; but

has

has deceived himſelf; and fancies that he comes, not for amuſement, but for ſome important concerns. This idea hangs too long about him; fetters the free diſpoſition of his heart; makes him keep aloof from the humour of the company; ſo that if he ſmiles it is like Caſſius, as it were in ſpite of himſelf. The contention he undergoes has even a worſe effect; and makes him ſometimes appear unſeaſonably ſarcaſtic. It may happen, however, that his real temper ſhall get the better of his aſſumed dignity. This is ſometimes the caſe towards the cloſe of the evening; and then he ſpeaks as much, laughs as loud, and ſits as long as any of the company. Could Leander prevail with himſelf to follow nature, and obey his original feelings, rather than to oppoſe or ſtifle them, he would be eſteemed, not merely by the limited circle that know his merits; but would become the favorite of all his acquaintance.

But the moſt whimſical or moſt ſerious effect of his imitation reſpects his religious character. He had in the beginning of life connected vigour and ſtrength of mind with tendencies to doubt and ſcepticiſm. Yet full of original ſoftneſs, and with a diſpoſition to penſive gen-

tleneſs, he was faſhioned, as it were by nature, to be a Chriſtian. His heart was deeply impreſſed with the excellence of mild and diſintereſted virtue; and he was inclined to wiſh for an order of things more favorable than the preſent, not only to the exerciſe, but to the reward of ſuch congenial merit. Yet with perſons who are good believers he affects indifference and uncertainty; and ſo without any well-founded pretenſions for a ſuperiority of this kind, ſuch as it is, he paſſes among them as being conſiderably advanced in free-thinking. In company again with perſons who really doubt or diſbelieve, he is altogether uneaſy; he cannot endure their oblique inſinuations, much leſs their open attack on doctrines that elſewhere he ſeems not to believe; and thus, among them, though without any reaſon, he is ſuſpected to be an enthuſiaſt if not a hypocrite.

Leander is naturally ſocial, but affects to be unſocial; he is gentle, but would ſeem indifferent; he is vain, but would rather be accounted proud; and ſo, by a ſtrange ſort of inconſiſtency, he is vain of pride; he is naturally religious, but not ſuperſtitiouſly ſo; and yet has no objection, in ſome ſituations, to be thought a ſceptic, if not an infidel; and all this becauſe

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in early life he chose models of imitation not suited to his original temper and frame of mind; and which by reason of the same original temper he has never afterwards been able to quit.

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Nº XIV.

———Malus bonum malum
Eſſe vult ut ſit ſui ſimilis. PLAUT.

NERINO, before he arrived at middle age, had contracted the moſt pernicious habits: yet excellent diſpoſitions, if not excellent habits, he once poſſeſſed. He not only became the moſt abandoned of the crew he belonged to; but the means of corrupting others; for his manners were originally elegant, his addreſs inſinuating, and his converſation lively. He kept a catalogue of the young men of promiſing merit whom he had ruined; and among his intimates, it was often a topic of his diſcourſe, not only to relate his exploits, but his plans of ſeduction. Some fell a prey to his practices in a longer, and ſome in a ſhorter period. Of thoſe who were already ripe for him, he made little account; but boaſted of one young man who had enjoyed, and even profited by all the advantages of good education; and whom he finiſhed, as he expreſſed it, in the courſe of an evening. But

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the career of his atchievements was of ſhort continuance. The frame of body he had received from nature, vigorous and uncommonly graceful, was laid waſte by intemperance. His conſtitution was ſhattered by mortal and dire diſtemper. Yet he languiſhed long on the bed of death. Meantime, the admonitions he had received in early life returned to his remembrance—not to miniſter comfort, but to confound and appal him. Weakened by his diſorder, and abandoned by his aſſociates, for he had long ago diſcarded his friends, he conceived himſelf ſummoned by infernal dæmons. He heard, as he fancied, the ſhrieks of horrid fiends; and beheld their threatening geſtures. His condition was rumoured abroad. Perſons ſtrange to him, and unconcerned in his fate, had curioſity to behold him. His menials, altogether mercenary and indifferent, gained ſome ſcandalous profits, or gratified the rude deſire of their acquaintance, by expoſing their dying maſter. He was yet ſomewhat ſenſible to the miſery of his condition; and, in the preſence of ſome ſpectators, thus allowed to gaze on his wonderful ſufferings, endeavouring to articulate an imprecation, with a furious look, and ſtriving to lift his arm in a menacing attitude; his ſpirit in a fit of anger expired. His features, after his death, were ſtamped with the dire impreſſion.

Many young perſons ſuffer by the contagion of the wicked, in conſequence of an unwarrantable reliance on their own ſtrength of mind. They have reſolved; and think their good reſolutions muſt remain unſhaken. They entertain no high opinion of the ability of their corrupted aſſociates. They hold them inferior to themſelves; and therefore as they are amuſing, and ſo inferior as to be incapable of doing them any harm, their company need not be avoided. It is only to laugh with, and to leave them; and in this ſurely there is no tranſgreſſion. But there is tranſgreſſion. You have been much diverted and meet with them a ſecond time. By degrees you begin to like them; you do not deſpiſe them quite ſo much as you did; "They are in-"deed very wicked; but they are very good-"natured; they mean no ſort of harm; they are "diverting: they have humour; nay, if it were "not for ſome unfortunate habits, they have "great accompliſhments, and ſome very good "qualities; they are no hypocrites; have a great "deal of honor; and though they happen to be "ill-ſpoken of, yet there are many perſons of "much higher pretenſions much more unde-"ſerving."—You are thus led to conſort with them; and if they do not always afford you mirth, yet you are in the habit of being with them; and they become a relief from ſeri-

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ous occupations. Serious occupation will now ſuffer ſome interruptions. Though you be in good-enough health to ſit up all night, or to undertake a long journey in projects of diſſipation; yet ſome how or other you feel an indiſpoſition to buſineſs. So you ſaunter into the ſtreet, or to ſome cuſtomary lounging place. You meet ſome of your jovial friends; a ſmart ſcheme is propoſed; and you are caught in the ſnare.—Meanwhile your real friends diſcover in your conduct many ſymptoms of change. You avoid them; "They may be very good ſort of "people, yet you do not think them good-"natured; they are troubleſome with their re-"marks; or, ſome how or other, you tire of "their company."—At length your external manners are changed; and in your language, dreſs, and opinions you imitate your new acquaintance. Having diſcovered too, that they are amazingly clever, and much better perſons than the world imagines, and that all thoſe who avoid or pretend to deſpiſe them are moroſe and illiberal; you can no longer reſiſt them.—On their part, they are no leſs active in promoting your downfal. They are at great pains to inſinuate, or rather to proclaim, "That you are "now become one of themſelves, very ſpirited, "very much improved, and indeed very dif-

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« ferent from what they conceived you to be." Thus they blaſt your reputation by the breath of peſtilential praiſe; and if, after this, you refuſe to comply with them, they overwhelm you with invincible ſcorn. For a young man without experience, and entangled in the toils of ſeduction, can neither reſiſt nor contend with the ſcorn of corrupted perſons. They have conſummate aſſurance, and an irreſiſtible command of temper or of face; ſo that you are not a match for them in the ſtrife of ridicule. Your good diſpoſitions, unleſs your habits be much perverted, will make you abaſhed. You are not ſo dexterous as they are in the management of raillery, and the unexpected aſſaults of wit. Unwilling to give offence, and afraid of being thought ill-humoured, you will not retort, nor utter your reply, leſt you ſhould ſeem acrimonious, and ſo appear to diſadvantage. You are thus diſconcerted; ſoon ſubdued and enſlaved.—I might challenge the experience of every age and nation to produce any young man who, having taken pleaſure in the ſociety of the diſſolute, has nevertheleſs reſiſted their mockery, and eſcaped, uninjured, from their deriſion. Be aſſured, that the moment you aſſociate with wicked perſons, and reliſh their converſation, unleſs you follow them in every vici-

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ous purſuit, they will become impatient of your reſerve; they will laugh at your ſcruples; ſpeak ſcoffingly of good inſtruction; revile, directly or indirectly, the characters of good men; aſſail you with unmerciful raillery; and overpower you with the dread of contempt. The ſhafts of ridicule are as often dipt in the poiſon of rancour, and ſhot into the heart of virtue, as they are fitted to the bow-ſtring of wiſdom, and hurled by the hand of truth.

Appoſite to theſe remarks, and the preceding delineation, is the following allegory by Maximus Tyrius. "Life," ſays that agreeable writer, "is a great ſea, more dangerous than that "of Sicily or of Egypt. Reaſon, however, is "capable of conducting our courſe; for reaſon "takes direction from the lights of Heaven; "and is acquainted with every harbour. Yet "unſkilful pilots may lead Reaſon aſtray. "Some may caſt us on rocky ſhelves; or "among nations whom ſelfiſhneſs hath render-"ed inhuman; ignorance, impious; and plea-"ſure, corrupt. But a ſkilful Pilot guides us "into the ſafeſt haven. Who then is this Pilot? "And to whom may we truſt? Aſk not of "me. Let them paſs in review before you. "Behold then the foremoſt in the proceſſion,

"that

" that gay, ſplendid, and jovial Pilot *; and let " his pretenſions be heard. His veſſel, ſeen from " the ſhore, ſeems gallant and well arrayed. " The appearance is treacherous; for the pur- " poſes of navigation it is utterly uſeleſs.— " Since now our diſcourſe has accidentally " aſſumed a figurative veſture, borrowed from " navigation, let us preſerve the image, and " aſſimilate the philoſophy of Epicurus to the " royal veſſel of king Ætes. What I mention " is no fable; for it is not long ſince a king of " ſome nations adjacent to Phœnicia, ignorant " of ſea-faring matters, and regardleſs of Hea- " ven, projected a voyage from Egypt to Troy. " He accordingly provided a large and capa- " cious veſſel; for he intended that all the plea- " ſures ſhould ſail along with him. The royal " apartment was the fineſt poſſible, and was " furniſhed with beds and couches. In a place " adjacent he had a number of fruit-trees, pro- " ducing apples, pears, grapes, and pomegra- " nates. In another quarter he had a bath, " and a place for exerciſe; together with apart- " ments for his cooks and miſtreſſes. The out-

* Some liberty has been taken with a few words in the original τέχνη has been tranſlated Reaſon, and Κυβερνητης, a Pilot, &c,

" ſide

" ſide of the ſhip painted with the brighteſt
" colours, and embelliſhed with gold and ſilver,
" ſeemed like a feeble man garniſhed with golden
" armour. Many beheld him with deep amaze-
" ment; they deemed him happy; and wiſhed to
" ſail in that delightful veſſel.—Now the time
" of departure came. The coſtly and enormous
" fabric ſet ſail; and bounded from the port
" like a floating iſland. Other ſhips of ordinary
" ſize, well-rigged, and with uſeful tackle
" ſailed out along with it. As long as the gale
" was gentle, the progreſs of the royal veſſel was
" proſperous. The air, as it paſſed, was ſweet-
" ened with perfume, and gladdened with the
" ſound of lutes, pipes, and the voices of many
" people. But when a ſudden tempeſt threw
" the ſky into tumultuous diſorder, and when
" with loud turmoil an impetuous blaſt de-
" ſcended upon the ſea, the comparative advan-
" tages of wiſdom and of pleaſure might
" eaſily be diſcerned. The other veſſels furled
" up their ſails, contended with the ſtorm, and
" withſtood its prey. But this ill-omened ſhip
" was toſſed about like a heavy and unwieldy
" man, reeling with drunkenneſs and exceſs of
" wine. The Pilot could no longer diſcharge
" his duty. All the crew, erewhile ſo jocund,

" were

"were appalled with terror. The rigging was "torne; the ſtructure of the veſſel ſhattered "and daſhed in pieces; and the whole wreck, "like that of a city, was ſcattered along the "ſhore. Such was the end of a witleſs voyage, "an uſeleſs equipment, and the rage of plea-"ſure."

N° XV.

Haud equidam ſine mente reor. VIRG.

SIR,

HEYNE, in his notes on the tenth book of the Æneid, adopts and urges in ſtrong terms, and without heſitation, an objection made by former commentators to the epithet *pius*, uſually tranſlated *pious*, as applied in the five hundred and ninety-firſt line to Æneas:

" Quem *pius* Æneas dictis affatur amaris;"
" Whom *pious* Æneas addreſſes with bitter words."

" *Pius*," ſays the commentator, " epitheton " nullam vim habet; the Epithet *pious* has no " force;" or rather, " has no meaning." As he immediately adds ſome notice of Æneas's inhumanity, perhaps he means to infer that the epithet was not only without force or meaning, but in a paſſage where Æneas was repreſented as indulging unrelenting reſentment, was particularly inconſiſtent. The ſtricture is entitled to ſo much the more attention that Heyne is celebrated as holding a diſtinguiſhed place among editors and commentators; and that he has

has not altered or mollified the ſeverity of his cenſure in any ſubſequent edition of his commentary. It alſo deſerves attention, becauſe Virgil is believed by many to hold the firſt, and ſcarcely doubted by any one, to hold the ſecond place among the epic poets of antiquity. To attempt a juſtification of every epithet he employs, even though he had rendered his work as perfect as he intended, would be abſurd; but much more ſo, when we are informed that he reckoned it ſo imperfect, as to be unworthy of the public eye. Yet if any one epithet employed by the firſt or ſecond writer, in the firſt or ſecond ſpecies of elegant compoſition known to the Greeks and Romans, can be reſcued from unmerited cenſure, the allotment of a few minutes to that purpoſe is not to be accounted miſapplication of time.

The word *pius* in the Latin language does not generally denote, like the word *pious* derived from it into our language, reverential affection leading to the devotional worſhip of a ſuperior, or of ſuperior inviſible Beings. Its meaning ſeems to be more enlarged; and to ſignify reverential affection, leading to correſpondent acts of adoration and reſpect towards any ſentient Being that can be the object of ſuch affection. It implies, perhaps, ſomething ſo

reſpectable and dignified in its object, as to preclude too much familiarity of addreſs; and is not uſed, ſo far as I recollect, to denote the paſſion of *love*, unleſs when the perſon beloved is celebrated for higher endowments than mere perſonal beauty, or is no longer among the living; ſo that the departed ſpirit becomes, or is conſidered, as a ſort of ſuperior Being. But it is uſed in almoſt all other relations, no leſs to parents, to benefactors, to our country, and to mankind, than to Divinity. "Sis pius in primis," —"Cultivate goodneſs above every other "quality," ſays Theodoſius to his ſon Honorius, according to the intereſting and elegant account of Claudian; and that *pius* in this paſſage ſignifies *good* or *beneficent*, appears from the explanation given by the poet in the ſucceeding lines:

"Sis pius in primis nam cum vincamur in omni
"Munere, ſola Deos equat clementia nobis."

"Be good in an eſpecial manner; for mercy is the only "endowment by which we are enabled to equal the "Gods."

The Poet ſeems to have had in view a very beautiful paſſage in Cicero's oration for Ligarius. Recommending him to the clemency of Cæſar, he tells him, "That no quality is ſo popular as "goodneſs; and that mankind cannot more "nearly approach the gods than by deeds of "mercy." "Homines enim ad Deos nulla re

" propius accedunt, quam ſalutem hominibus " dando."—It may alſo be remarked, that the words *pietas* and *impius* are applied by claſſical writers to the gods themſelves; yet ſurely, ſuch uſe of them muſt be accounted abſurd, if we underſtand them as ſignifying the ſame thing as *piety* and *impious* in their uſual acceptation in the Engliſh language. In the fifth Æneid, when the Trojan fleet is in danger of being utterly conſumed by fire, Æneas thus addreſſes Jupiter:

" Jupiter Omnipotens, ſi nondum exoſus ad unum
" Trojanos, ſi quid *pietas* antiqua labores
" Reſpicit humanes; da flammam evadere claſſi."

" Almighty Jupiter, if thou haſt not adopted ſen-
" timents of utter hatred againſt every Trojan; if thy
" goodneſs, manifeſted in times of old, is ſtill intereſted in
" the toils of mortals; preſerve our firſt fleet from deſ-
" truction."

Ruæus explains the words *pietas antiqua* in this paſſage by the phraſe *vetus miſericordia*, " for-
" mer or antient compaſſion." Horace ſays too, in one of his odes to Mæcenas,

" Te Jovis impio
" Tutela Saturno refulgens
" Eripuit."

" The protection of Jupiter reſcued you from
" cruel Saturn."

Acro, the very venerable commentator on Horace, explains the paſſage, and I believe he is followed in his explanation by ſubſequent commentators,

tators, as if the Poet alluded to the malign influences attributed by aſtrologers to the planet Saturn. "Mortem dicit amoviſſe Jovis benefi-"cam ſtellam, maleficam reſpicientem Saturni." We may conclude, therefore, that when the epithet *pius* is applied, as is frequently done by Virgil, to Æneas, we are not always to underſtand it as expreſſing his devotional, but alſo his patriotic and affectionate character. Patriotiſm, in the ſenſe of attachment, not to a ſpot of ground, but as denoting attachment to fellow-citizens, conſtitutes, according to the view given of him by Virgil, the leading principle in the character of Æneas. Along with this, and in cloſe connection with it, he is repreſented as poſſeſſing great affection for thoſe aſſociates and confederates in whom he is intereſted, and who co-operate with him in his undertaking. In the paſſage in queſtion, the epithet *pius* is expreſſive of this particular affection; of affection for an amiable friend and an illuſtrious confederate.

This leads us to conſider the circumſtances and relations in which Æneas is placed by the Poet.—In his conteſt with Turnus, he had ſolicited and obtained aſſiſtance from Evander. Than Evander no character in the Æneid appears more reſpectable; than his ſon Pallas, who commanded the auxiliaries ſent by his father to Æneas, no character appears more amiable and

more endeared to our affectionate ſympathy. Virgil has embelliſhed the deſcription he has given of him with the moſt exquiſite imagery and alluſions.

——" Ipſe agmine Pallas
" In medio chlamyde, et pictis conſpectus in armis;
" Qualis ubi oceani perfuſus Lucifer unda,
" Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
" Exhibit os ſacrum cœlo, tenebraſque reſolvit."

" Pallas himſelf, mid the ſurrounding troop, was diſ-
" tinguiſhed by his mantle and ornamented armour; as
" when the morning ſtar, beloved by Venus more than
" any other of the lights of Heaven, diſplays in the ſky
" his divine appearance, and baniſhes darkneſs."

This gallant Prince, the only child of a venerable father, the ſolace of his old age, is intruſted to the care of Æneas, and unmercifully killed by Turnus. The circumſtances of his death are inhuman, and the inſults of his foe ungenerous. For Turnus, indulging wrath to exceſs, ſtrips him of his armour; and wiſhes the father were preſent to behold the death of his ſon. Æneas, therefore, muſt feel reſentment in a ſuitable manner; in a manner ſuited to the cuſtoms and the maxims of the times. He muſt avenge the death of Pallas, as the merits of Pallas and Evander; and the opinions of his friends, allies, and even enemies, require it to be avenged.

——" Pallas,

——— " Pallas, Evander, in ipſis
" Omnia ſunt oculis; menſæ quas advena primas
" Tunc adiit, dextræque datæ."

" Pallas, Evander, their hoſpitable board, and plight-
" ed right-hands, ruſh, as if actually ſeen, on his ſoul."

He appears, on this occaſion, more unrelenting than in any other part of the Æneid; and will accept of no compenſation for thoſe who muſt be ſacrificed to the memory of Pallas.

——— " Belli commercia Turnus
" Suſtulit iſta prior, jam tum Pallante perempto."

" Turnus, when he ſlaughtered Pallas, was the firſt
" who baniſhed from battle every intercourſe of com-
" paſſion."

He appeals, in his juſtification, to the parental, the filial, and friendly affections.

" Hoc patris Anchiſæ manes, hoc ſentit Iulus."
" Of this the ſpirit of Anchiſes, of this Iulus is aware."

The Poet, however, ſeems to be ſenſible, that his hero, on this occaſion, appears more vindictive than formerly, or than is ſuited to his character; and therefore annexes an epithet in his recital of the laſt victims that were ſlain on account of Pallas, which brings into view the motive of his preſent rigour. His grateful reſpect for Evander, his affectionate eſteem for Pallas, and the veneration due to his departed ſpirit, required ſuch awful retaliation. Æneas

overcame Lucagus; and with bitter words, inſulted him in his death; but he did ſo, moved with reverential eſteem and affection for illuſtrious benefactors. This is implied in the epithet *pius*, which regards, not Lucagus, but Pallas and Evander; and has ſo much propriety, that if the commentator's taſte and candour be equal to his reputation, of which I entertain no doubt, he will no longer pronounce it without force or meaning.

I am the more jealous for the reputation of Virgil, that few writers of antiquity ſeem to me more capable of gratifying and improving our powers of taſte; and that few antient writers, for elegance of thought and propriety of diction, ought to be received by thoſe who are deſirous of ſuch improvement and gratification with greater confidence. Permit me, therefore, to expect, although theſe ſtrictures may not be quite ſuitable to the plan of your publication, that you will nevertheleſs, let them have acceſs, by giving them a place in your work, to the conſideration of your critical readers.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant,

DICAIOPHILUS.

N° XVI.

——Aperire fontes licet. QUINT.

In an age ſo much addicted to poetry and criticiſm as the preſent, it may not be improper, in a periodical publication, to aſcertain and illuſtrate the chief ingredients of poetical genius; and this may be done with ſo much the leſs difficulty, that they are fully, though briefly, expreſſed by Horace in the following lines:

" Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque os
" Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem."

" To him give the honorable name of Poet, who poſ-
" ſeſſes invention a ſuperior ſpirit and elocution equal to
" important ſubjects."

In theſe lines three particulars are mentioned; " Ingenium—mens divinior—os magna ſona-
" turum;"—" Invention; a divine mind, or
" a mind unuſually elevated; and talents of
" powerful expreſſion." We ſhall conſider each of theſe ſeparately.

I. By " Ingenium," may be here underſtood *invention*, *ingenuity*, or that great creating power of the Poet which depends on *imagination*. It is by this talent that the Poet makes a proper

choice and arrangement of thoſe circumſtances in an object, which, in ſuggeſting it, he means to employ. For though we aſcribe to him creative powers, it is not meant, that he forms Beings altogether new, or of materials that never exiſted till he produced them; we only mean, that he works on the materials preſented to him by nature; he ſeparates and throws them into new combinations. He thus, by altering and new modelling, makes new objects; with a view to produce ſtronger emotions than they would otherwiſe have excited.

Poetical genius is diſtinguiſhed by invention and imitation: for they are in fact the ſame. The Poet *invents*, that is, he throws circumſtances into a new form; but that form is intended to repreſent, ſo as to make a ſtronger impreſſion, ſomething that does exiſt or has exiſted. The great object of all imitation is nature, either inanimated, ſuch as woods, vales, and rivers; or animated, ſuch as birds, beaſts, and above all mankind.—It is not enough merely to *deſcribe*; the poet muſt *imitate*. He is not only, for example, to diſplay anger, by deſcribing the pale face and the quivering lip; but he muſt, by ſpeaking the language, diſplay the feelings of the angry man. As he chiefly imitates human nature, he muſt ſuppoſe himſelf the very character he invents. He muſt ſpeak what every one of the

the perſons he repreſents would naturally ſpeak; and ſeem to perform actions ſimilar to what the perſon would have done in that ſituation.

The paſtoral Poet, for inſtance, has to imitate the manners and cuſtoms of the country life. If any objects are introduced which are not connected with the paſtoral life, they are improper. The objects from which the Poet borrows his imagery muſt be ſuch as are within the ſphere of the ſhepherd's knowledge. If they ſuppoſe great improvement in the ſciences, they are improper; and cannot make a part in a paſtoral poem. The characters, too, muſt be ſuch as are ſuited to that ſtate; the paſſions deſcribed muſt be modified ſo as to be conſiſtent with the ſituation of the ſpeaker. To ſay they muſt be always gentle is improper; becauſe ſhepherds are often repreſented, and with juſtice, as being envious, and violently incenſed. But it would be alſo improper to repreſent them as very ambitious; or carrying their reſentment to violent or bloody exceſs.—The ſame thing may be illuſtrated in epic, dramatic, and every ſpecies of poetical compoſition. In all of them the Poet muſt employ fiction: but in all of them he muſt adhere to probability; ſo that while he *invents* he muſt *imitate*. He is to excite feelings; and this is not to be done, but by exhibiting natural objects.

II. But

II. But the Poet muſt not only *invent;* he muſt not only have ingenuity, and thoſe talents which depend on imagination; he muſt alſo *feel;* he muſt have the "mens divinior;" he muſt have ſenſibility. This I conceive to be the meaning of the term. The expreſſion is general; *mens divinior*, a *very divine mind*, a mind more than *uſually divine*. But how comes that to ſignify ſenſibility? and is not the meaning thus annexed too arbitrary. By attending to the following particulars, we ſhall perhaps judge otherwiſe.

Firſt, what is it that exalts a mind, or makes it, ſo to ſay, *divine?* Is it not ſuch ſenſibility as flows out in exquiſite feeling or fine affection? All, or moſt men have ſenſibility to the events or incidents that befal themſelves; but he whoſe mind is ſo ſuſceptible as to be as deeply affected with what befals others, and with imaginary events as other perſons are with real, may be ſaid to have *fine ſenſibility* or the *mens divinior*.

Secondly, the Poet, in this paſſage, ſpeaks as a Critic; at any rate, he is not to be ſuſpected of writing looſely. He uſually diſtinguiſhes very accurately, and expreſſes himſelf very correctly. He is not to be ſuſpected of diſtinctions without difference, or of uſing words that have no meaning, or that are redundant. The difference, for

example,

example, between the *Ingenium* and *os magna ſonaturum*, between *invention* and *expreſſion*, is diſtinctly marked. Is it fair then to ſuppoſe, that he means no more by the *mens divinior* than by the *ingenium?* For no one can imagine that he means by it the ſame as by the *os magna ſonaturum*. By every rule of candid criticiſm we muſt ſuppoſe, that he means ſomething different; and not only ſo, but ſomething eſſential. He is making an important enumeration: what is the ſecond particular in this enumeration? This leads us to remark,

Thirdly, that the Poet, in other parts of his works, where he delivers critical doctrines, dwells very particularly on ſenſibility. He ſays explicitly, in his epiſtle to the Piſos, that without this it is impoſſible to enter into human paſſions and affections, ſo as to imitate them, and ſo as to move other perſons. *Si vis me flere*, ſays he, *dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi.* "If you would "have me weep you muſt yourſelf have been "previouſly grieved." Now as the meaning of a writer is always beſt known by comparing him as it were with himſelf; and ſince Horace ſets ſo high a value on ſenſibility, and ſince here he does not in ſpecific terms mention it in a formal enumeration of poetical qualities; and as in this enumeration we meet with an expreſſion which

ſeems

ſeems general, but which may, without violence, be underſtood in this acceptation; we muſt in fairneſs conclude, that the Poet is conſiſtent, means ſenſibility, and apprehends, that he announces it ſufficiently by the epithet *divinior*.

That ſenſibility, in other words, the power of feeling, or fully conceiving the paſſions, affections, or actions we would delineate, is a neceſſary ingredient in poetical genius, needs ſmall illuſtration. The paſſage now alluded to in Horace is ſufficient.

" Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
" Primum ipſi tibi.
" Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
" Fortunarum habitum.
" Poſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ."

" If you would have me weep, you muſt yourſelf
" Have ſuffered previous ſorrow.
" Nature gives ſenſibility, and ſhapes
" Our hearts to beat and vibrate as the touch
" Of forms external ſtrikes its fibrous frame;
" And then inſtructs the flexile tongue to vent
" The feelings of the ſoul, and every thril
" Of exquiſite affection."

III. But what ſignify invention and ſenſibility if the thoughts and feelings of the Poet be not well expreſſed? He muſt have the *os magna ſonaturum*; " The mouth that ſhall utter great " things." He muſt be capable of adequate expreſſion,

expreſſion, adequate to the great objects and paſſions he would diſplay. He may imagine the fineſt appearances, he may be moved by the tendereſt affections; but he cannot move or pleaſe others, unleſs he make them ſee as he ſees, and feel as he feels. He cannot however transfuſe his ſoul into theirs. He muſt uſe ſome intermediate vehicle for conveying his thoughts to thoſe whom he would affect. Language is this vehicle. He muſt ſpeak; and ſpeak perſpicuouſly, and accurately, and fully; he muſt ſpeak, and with energy, and in a manner adequate, as was ſaid, to his ſubject. He muſt have the *os magna ſonaturum*; "The mouth that ſhall utter "mighty things." This quality, ſo eſſential in poetry, as it is moſt capable of cultivation, deſerves ſo much the more, on that very account, to be attended to and cultivated. Perhaps Nature muſt in a very conſiderable degree confer imagination and ſenſibility; but force and elegance, at leaſt, perſpicuity and correctneſs of ſtile or expreſſion, may be attained by ſtudy. What that ſtudy, or thoſe exerciſes may be, which tend to the improvement of expreſſion, is foreign from our preſent ſubject. Suffice it to have ſhewn, that invention, ſenſibility, and expreſſion, are the eſſential qualities of poetical genius.

" Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque os
" Magna ſonatarum, des nominis hujus honorem."

" Let *him* be hail'd a Poet, in whoſe breaſt
" The beam creative of invention glows;
" Whoſe ſuſceptible heart by Heaven impreſſed,
" Throbs, heaves, and melts with ſympathetic throes;
" And whoſe rapt utt'rance powerfully reveals,
" All that his fancy dreams, or heaven-ſtruck boſom feels."

N° XVII.

Sume ſuperbiam quæſitam meritis. Hor.

Soon after publiſhing a few numbers of my paper, I felt that ſolicitude which all writers like me have experienced, and which ſome have ingenuouſly confeſſed, of knowing in what degree of eſtimation I was held by the public. I repaired therefore, to ſuch coffee-houſes, or literary lounging-places, as, I flattered myſelf, would afford me the opportunity that I deſired. I alſo called on ſuch gentlemen and ladies of my acquaintance as uſually ſpeak about new publications. But many were the attempts I made; and great the mortification which I endured before I received the gratification I ſo ardently deſired. At firſt, I expected that I ſhould have been the theme of every claſſical converſation; after ſome time I would have been ſatisfied with the ſlighteſt notice, provided it had been favorable: and at laſt, in place of the cold indifference and chilling neglect I encountered, I would have compounded for a little abuſe. The literary perſons with whom I converſed expatiated on the true reading of what ſeemed to me a mere expletive in a paſſage in Shakeſpeare;

ſpeare; or whether a celebrated player ſhould have uttered a pathetic interjection in a high or in a low tone; or about a cock-chaffer, or Brazilian beetle; but about my ingenuity or my dulneſs, they ſaid not a ſingle word. On one occaſion, indeed, I had almoſt betrayed myſelf; for at a viſit that I paid to a Lady in Cavendiſh-ſquare, the converſation turning on a ſentiment expreſſed by Johnſon in one of his Ramblers: I ſeized the opportunity to expreſs ſome opinion about periodical papers in general; and at laſt, with great dexterity, as I apprehended, I edged in ſomething about the Philanthrope. But the word "ſtuck in my throat," I faltered, heſitated, could not for my life get my tongue diſengaged from the laſt ſyllable; and would have forfeited all the reputation this or any other work can ever procure me, if the name had been half an inch ſhorter. The company were moſt awfully ſilent. I durſt not look around me; for experiencing a ſituation little better than a detected pick-pocket, I felt, as I fancied, the eyes of all preſent like ſo many porcupine quills, piercing my conſciouſneſs through every fold. I was at length, relieved from my agony, by the remark of a wiſe-looking gentleman over againſt me, who ſaid, "he was not altogether certain "whether ſuch inſtitutions as the humane and "Philanthropical ſocieties did all the good they

" pretended to." The ſubject was immediately taken up by ſome other perſons; and I ſoon found, to my inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, that no one of them had ever heard of my lucubrations; but that they had reconciled what ſeemed incoherent or inaccurate in my obſervation, to a charitable inſtitution. Delivered from my diſtreſs, and recovering from my confuſion, I reſolved never after to lye in wait for ſurreptitious notice or lay ſnares for applauſe; and amuſed myſelf with reflecting, how precarious that perſon's enjoyments muſt be, who founds any conſiderable part of them on the attention or neglect of mankind. " Though no one," ſaid I to myſelf, " ought to ſcorn, or hold himſelf " independent of, public opinion; yet we ought " not to be caſt down, nor to relinquiſh inno- " cent or uſeful purſuits, becauſe our merits " may not be as fully or as early acknow- " ledged as they deſerve, or as we deſire."

But though, for a long time, I could hear nothing favourable or unfavourable concerning my philanthropical labours, and had with great magnanimity, as I conceived, reconciled myſelf to diſappointment; I learned at length, that my exertions were not utterly neglected or altogether in vain. Sauntering into a bookſeller's ſhop near St. Paul's, I found two or three perſons, who were ſtrangers to me, engaged in a ſort

of desultory conversation; and that the topic of their discourse was no other than my morality. "To correct the morals, and reform the manners of the times!" said a pompous gentleman, of a rosy complexion, in a brown coat, and a large wig, laying down my paper, and putting up his spectacles: "What right has he to become "our instructor? He ought to shew himself, "that we may be enabled to judge by his own "conduct and deportment concerning his title "to give advice."—"Alas! Sir," replied a thin middle-aged gentleman in a black coat, of a pale but placid look, and with great softness of voice; "Alas! Sir, if none are to give admonition, but those who are themselves perfect, it "will be given us in scanty portions. We are "to consider the value of the admonition, and "not the person who gives it. The medicine "that restores you to health may be contained "in a vessel of very fragile, I had almost said "frail materials."—"But can he tell us any "thing we knew not before?" said a smart-looking young clergyman; "or has he made "any new discovery in the science of morals?" "Shall we regard nothing but novelty?" replied my advocate. "May not important "truths be repeated? May not their dress be "varied? Virtue and vice are, no doubt, the "same; but their aspect and mode of proce-

"dure

" dure admit of diverſity; and are different " at different times. It is not the fault of our " inſtructors if their doctrines have little no- " velty. Let mankind become really deſirous " of growing virtuous; and the moraliſt will " amuſe you with a *new obſervation.*"

" He may as well let inſtruction alone," ſaid a little dry black-looking gentleman in a corner; " Who was ever the better for being inſtructed? " Human nature muſt remain as it was at firſt " conſtructed; and"—with a ſarcaſtical ſmile— " A fine piece of work it is!" " No," anſwered my placid friend, in a more elevated tone, but ſtill with a great deal of mildneſs: " My views " of human nature are not ſo gloomy; nor have " I ſuch ſlight confidence in the power of truth, " or in the efficacy of wiſe admonition. Thoſe " who derive benefit from inſtruction are not " forward in making profeſſion of their attain- " ment; they are commonly diffident of their ad- " vancement in virtue; and will not boaſt of their " merit. Add to this, that while you are engaged " in a courſe of improvement, you are often in- " ſenſible of your proficiency. Even while you " are learning an antient or a foreign lan- " guage, you cannot from day to day aſcertain " the preciſe degree of your progreſs. You " ſometimes ſuſpect that you are making no " progreſs whatever; and will be ſurprized at

" ſome future time, if you continue your appli-
" cation, at finding every difficulty removed;
" and that you are actually in poſſeſſion of that
" knowledge which you deſpaired of acquiring.
" I will at the ſame time, for the argument's
" ſake, admit, that the number of thoſe who
" are capable of being touched with the beauty
" of moral excellence, and conſequently that
" the number of thoſe who are capable of re-
" ceiving improvement from good inſtruction,
" is not perhaps ſo great as the moraliſt would
" deſire. But let him not deſpair, nor deſiſt.
" In the conſciouſneſs of diſcharging his duty,
" and the hope of rendering eſſential ſervices
" even unto a few, let him encounter the
" charge of triteneſs; let him forfeit the honor
" of ingenuity; but not abandon the cauſe of
" truth, or relinquiſh the proſpect of doing
" good. The Romans thanked thoſe commanders
" who in critical junctures, and when the
" commonwealth tottered on the verge of de-
" ſtruction, inſtead of yielding to puſillanimous
" and inactive deſpondency, looked forward to
" more fortunate times, and exerted their pow-
" ers in defence of their country. Though by
" no means agreeing with thoſe who, in doleful
" declamation or virulent ſarcaſm, inveigh
" againſt the corruption of human nature and
" the degeneracy of modern manners; yet, ad-
" mitting

" mitting their aſſertions, in the utmoſt lati-
" tude, let the moraliſt ſtill perſevere and
" plead in behalf of virtue. If he ſhall confirm
" in laudable reſolutions, or reclaim a ſingle
" ſpirit from vice, he may have atchieved an
" illuſtrious exploit; and, in the ſight of invi-
" ſible witneſſes, may be accounted worthy of
" immortal triumph. The ſpirit he reclaims or
" confirms, may, in the viciſſitudes of human
" life, have more frequent opportunity or more
" enlarged ability for reclaiming or confirming
" others. Thoſe again may extend their influ-
" ence through a wider compaſs. The multi-
" tude of rational beings who may thus be re-
" ſtored to virtue, or ſtrengthened in their ab-
" horrence of vice, by the labor of a ſingle vir-
" tuous perſon, exerting himſelf according to
" his talents and opportunities, overpower the
" imagination. Whole races of men, and the
" offspring of late poſterity, may be conceived
" as ſwelling the gorgeous train. The good you
" do, by ſeaſonable admonition, to a ſingle vir-
" tuous perſon, may, for aught you know, be
" multiplied to endleſs generations, and extend
" its effects to men of every kindred and lan-
" guage."

I felt myſelf ſo much moved by the gentle-man's ſpeech, and ſome civil things which he added in the concluſion, about myſelf, that

I had almoſt run up and embraced him. So, for fear of expoſing myſelf, I haſtened to the door, walked in a ſtate of unuſual abſtraction into the church, leaned againſt a pillar, gazed at the dome, and I am not very ſure that I had not occaſion to wipe my eyes. Recovering from the ſtrange mood into which I had been ſo unexpectedly thrown, I wiſhed to be acquainted with the perſon who had touched, with ſo much effect, the ſtrings of my enthuſiaſm or of my vanity. But on returning to the ſhop I found he was gone; no one of the company whom I left was acquainted with him; the black-looking gentleman ſuppoſed "he muſt be "the author of the work he ſo warmly defend-"ed;" the ſmart-looking clergyman believed "from his figure and *figures* of ſpeech, that he "muſt be a phyſician who had little employ-"ment;" and the roſy-faced gentleman obſerved that, "it might be ſo; yet wiſhed that he "had invited him that evening to the club." The young man who attended in the ſhop, ſaid "he could not tell who he was; that he ſome-"times bought books; but as he always paid "for and carried them away with him, he had "no opportunity of ever learning his name." He added, that "he ſometimes put money into "his maſter's hands to be given by him to indi-"gent authors of reſpectable character."

I flatter

I flatter myſelf that I enjoyed more pleaſure from this part of the information, than from the praiſe I received. Yet the gentleman's goodneſs enhanced the value of his encomium; for the approbation of one virtuous perſon, who is a competent judge of merit, outweighs the neglect or cenſure of the undiſcerning multitude, and is far more valuable than their applauſe.

No XVIII.

Ne tibi celandi ſpes ſit peccare paranti. TIB.

THE following incident was communicated to me by a naval officer of eminent rank, who was at Algiers on board one of his Majeſty's frigates at the time it happened.

Mahomet Effendi, Dey of Algiers, about the middle of the preſent century, was reckoned the moſt able, and likewiſe the moſt equitable of thoſe Princes who have for many years governed the Algerines. His promotion to ſovereign power was involuntary; for he, no doubt, dreaded the fate of his predeceſſors, of whom no leſs than twenty-three periſhed by violent deaths. He was compelled nevertheleſs, by the Janiſſaries, to accept of a dignity, which, notwithſtanding his juſtice and ſagacity, proved as fatal to himſelf as to former princes; for he alſo, a ſhort time after his advancement, fell by aſſaſſination. The following inſtance of his juſtice, in which, however, his procedure was ſomewhat ſummary, was alſo, and certainly with as much reaſon, accounted an inſtance of his ſagacity.—Slaves among the Algerines are permitted

mitted either by ſhop-keeping or otherwiſe, and on paying their maſters a certain ſum; to earn a little money for themſelves. This they may employ, and very frequently do employ, in purchaſing their freedom. A ſlave named Almoullah, kept an oil-ſhop; and found his gains encreaſe ſo very faſt, that he ſoon accumulated ſeventy zequins, amounting to about thirty pounds ſterling. Other fifty zequins would have procured him his freedom. Fearing however, as he was reckoned wealthy, that he might be robbed, and have no redreſs; he gave his money in truſt to a Moor, who lived in his neighbourhood; and in whoſe friendſhip, as well as integrity, he had the utmoſt confidence. His profits ſoon afterwards became ſo conſiderable, that he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of the fifty zequins he ſo earneſtly wiſhed for. He thus anticipated, with ſecret rapture, his delivery from bondage and return to his native land. Repairing therefore to his Mooriſh friend, he ſaid to him, "How much beholden am I, "worthy Hadgi, to your goodneſs, in having "taken charge of my little earnings! I now in-"tend, as I have gained wherewithal to procure "my liberty, to make the beſt bargain I can "with my maſter, and return to my friends "and kindred. I will therefore relieve you of "the charge you ſo kindly undertook." Hadgi beheld

beheld him, or pretended to behold him, with a look of aſtoniſhment; he affected to believe him mad; and denied his having any knowledge whatever of the tranſaction he alluded to. Almoullah nevertheleſs inſiſted peremptorily on having his money reſtored to him. So that, after much altercation, the Moor apprehending that he could not otherwiſe ſecure the poſſeſſion of what he had ſo unjuſtly retained, ran to the palace of Mahomet, whom he found adminiſtrating juſtice; and raiſing his voice, intreated that he would puniſh a ſlave for aſperſing his "untainted character." But Almoullah, conſcious of his integrity, had undauntedly followed him; and obtaining leave of the Dey, he told his ſtory with circumſtantial firmneſs, and then proſtrated himſelf on the carpet at the foot of the throne. Mahomet, having heard him, beckoned to a Chiaoux, or miniſter of juſtice: "Go," ſaid he, "to the houſe "of Hadgi, ſearch it narrowly, and bring "hither all the money you find in it." The Chiaoux bowed, obeyed, and ſoon after returned. The Dey having then ordered a new earthen pot with clean water poured into it, and charcoal fire to be placed before him, he put the pot on the fire, and when the water boiled, he threw in the money. Soon after, having taken it out, and letting the water ſtand till it cooled,

he

he found on the ſurface a thick greaſy ſcum. This convincing him that the money belonged to the oil-man, he inſtantly reſtored it to him: and at the ſame time gave a ſign to the Chiaoux, who, dragging away the ſelf-condemned and convicted Moor, fixed his head, without loſs of time, on the wall of the city.

Different reflections may no doubt be ſuggeſted by the preceding anecdote. For my own part I am chiefly ſtruck with the illuſtration it affords of the difficulty that neceſſarily attends the concealment of guilty actions. They ſeldom eſcape detection; or at leaſt a ſuſpicion ſo ſtrong as to impair or even prove ruinous to reputation. The guilty perſon, eſpecially in the firſt ſtages of his corruption, is apt, by the embarraſſment and confuſion that ariſe from the reſiſtance of conſcience, to be his own betrayer. Even after he has ſubdued his reluctances, and has ſmothered every officious feeling, he is often betrayed by his fears: for it frequently happens, that being too circumſpect, and too deſirous of ſaving appearances, he alarms that ſuſpicion which he wiſhed to ſuppreſs. Donellon, who in hopes of ſucceeding to an ample fortune, poiſoned his brother-in-law, by an infuſion of laurel leaves; affecting, in a thoughtleſs or careleſs manner, to waſh out the phial that had contained the deleterious liquor, drew ſuch attention

from the beholders, as led to his conviction. Even ſuch trifling circumſtances, as no wiſdom can calculate and no ſagacity foreſee, and no caution prevent, may often, as in the caſe of the fraudulent Moor, produce ſelf-condemnation. Exceſſive confidence and exultation in the ſucceſs of a criminal conduct, have alſo, on many occaſions, as has been often illuſtrated, led to complete diſcovery. In the moral as well as the natural world, one thing corrects another. Virtue may not always be recognized as it ought to be, not only becauſe men are envious and ungrateful, which may perhaps be too frequently the caſe, but becauſe, not feeling and not knowing in themſelves the principles of virtuous actions, they are incapable of conceiving them. The miſer, who never felt compaſſion, thinks when you give alms, that you are actuated by no higher motive than vanity. "She has a plot on the "parſon," ſaid a free-thinker, on hearing that a young Lady had ſhed tears at ſome pathetic paſſages in the ſermon of a dignified unmarried clergyman. So alſo, a great part of mankind, when they ſee what appears to them a ſtrange or equivocal conduct, examining it by their own conſciouſneſs, diſcover ſuch ſignatures and ſymtoms of evil, as often lead to detection; but which they would never have thought of, were it not for the knowledge they have of themſelves.

We

We muſt alſo add, that the experience of thoſe, who in a magiſterial or judicial capacity have to deal like Mahomet Effendi with the worſt of mankind, and which muſt therefore tend to induce a ſuſpicious habit, affords a more charitable explanation. Many indeed are the cauſes that by their ſeparate or joint operation render the concealment of guilt a very difficult undertaking. From the puniſhment inflicted by law, in a government ſo equitable and ſo merciful as that of Britain, it may no doubt eſcape; but not from the well-founded ſuſpicion, the diſlike and averſion, of the well-diſpoſed and diſcerning members of the community.

Two practical conſiderations ariſe from the preceding remarks. One regards thoſe perſons who are expoſed, by the ſituation in which they are placed, and the temptations that peculiarly aſſail them, to the hazard of contracting guilt. They ought to remember, that it will require more ability than they perhaps imagine, and more than in general vitious perſons poſſeſs, I do not ſay to eſcape formal and legal puniſhment; but to eſcape ſuch detection, or ſuſpicion of guilt, as may be fatal to reputation. Let them alſo remember, that in all likelihood, much leſs ability than is neceſſary to the concealment of vice would have procured them, if properly directed, both honor and independence.

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The other conſideration regards thoſe young and inexperienced perſons, who on their entry into the commerce of life, proceed with as much heſitation, as if they were entering into a wilderneſs infeſted with lions. Warned to exceſs by the prudence of their early friends and inſtructors, they conſider every perſon they meet as an enemy; and think no attention can be paid them without ſome evil deſign. They become of conſequence, habitually timid, abſurdly reſerved, and diſguſtingly cautious. They loſe that frank and ingenuous openneſs which conſtitutes ſo bright an ornament on the forehead of youth. Reſtrained in their deportment, they become awkward and ungraceful. Sullen and afraid to unite in ſociety, they grow unſocial; in time, moroſe; and at laſt miſanthropical. They miſconſtrue appearances; conceive the moſt unmeaning actions to be ill-intended; and refer the moſt trivial neglect to a malicious purpoſe. The ſuſpicious mood draws every thing into its vortex: it whirls even ſtraws and feathers into the abyſs of malignity. While therefore, the inexperienced are warned, with due caution againſt the profligate and ſelfiſh purpoſes of the wicked; let them alſo remember, that wickedneſs is not difficult to be diſcerned, and does not long impoſe upon thoſe who would not willingly become her dupes. Not many perſons who have

have fallen a prey to the ſeductions of vice, have been blind, even at an early period of their corruption, to her deformity; but they did not chooſe to diſcern it. They were not deceived: they knew the meretricious adornment; but affected to think it genuine.

Nº XIX.

——Animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc. VIRG.

FAVONIUS is an amiable character, but very liable to *indecision*. If he propose a scheme, and even, with apparent firmness, announce his intention of carrying it into execution, you are not to be surprized though he never undertake it, or quit it when half accomplished: nor, in like manner, are you always to depend on his uniform and permanent adherence to the same opinions. I must observe however, that his indecisive conduct and fluctuating judgments are as yet innocent, or, at least, not criminal. In all important concerns, he is punctual in the performance of promises; and never raises any serious or reasonable expectations, without fulfilling them. His indecision is hitherto in matters of inconsiderable moment, or in matters that concern himself.

Favonius has indeed executed very few of his projects. His estate is beautifully situated, and his taste correct, but in traversing his grounds, you meet with nothing but unfinished designs: hills half planted, or planted, but not enclosed; walks half formed; incomplete inscriptions; skeletons

ſkeletons of bowers; and temples without divinities. He lately intended to ſcoop out a field at the extremity of a lawn that ſtretches before his houſe, and convert it into a lake. He accordingly employed workmen; changed his mind; relinquiſhed his deſign; and, having ſpoilt part of his lawn, has nothing in its place, but an ugly excavation.

When he prevails with himſelf to get out of bed in a morning, which is not however till after long heſitation, many an hour is loſt before he can fully reſolve with himſelf what dreſs he ſhall wear. He deſires his ſervant to bring his boots, for that he means to ride after breakfaſt. John fetches his boots; but finds him in his ſtudy, and determined to devote the morning to the peruſal of a new publication. John is then diſmiſſed with the boots; and ordered to bring ſome coffee. Returning with all poſſible ſpeed, he meets his maſter upon the ſtair, who, having hurried on his morning-dreſs, is haſtening to the breakfaſting-room.—He exhibits at dinner the ſame ſcene of wavering intentions and broken purpoſes. He will eat ſoup; will eat no ſoup; he will eat fiſh; bethinks himſelf of ſome excellent mutton; and when the mutton comes, he recollects that laſt night he was indiſpoſed, and ought to eat no animal food. Upon ſuch occaſions I have ſometimes been tempted to ſay to

him, " for Heaven's ſake, my dear Favonius, " let not your indeciſion ſtarve you."—His horſes are ſaddled, drawn out, and ſent back to the ſtable, three or four times in a morning; nor is it unuſual for him to ride up almoſt to the gate of a gentleman's-houſe; to ſend his ſervant with notice of an intended viſit; and to be on his road home before the meſſenger return with an anſwer.

When in town he gets, after ſome heſitation, into the ſtreet; ſtops ſhort; turns and returns ſo often, that the paſſengers ſtare at him, and think him deranged. He has been even known to knock at a door, and when the porter opened it, to aſk his pardon, and ſay he did mean to come in. Sometimes he will ſee no company; and his ſervants, if any company call for him, are to ſay, he is not at home. A knocking is heard at the door; his ſervant, with great gravity of aſpect, replies as his maſter deſired him; his maſter, however, who is in the adjoining parlour, hears the voice of a particular acquaintance; changes his intention; rings his bell with impatience, or runs into the lobby, ſays the ſervant is miſtaken, and that he is really at home. The grave porter is diſconcerted; the viſitor not a little ſurprized; and Favonius, ſomewhat diſſatisfied with himſelf, and conſequently with his friend, is oppreſſed with the viſit;

forces

forces ſome converſation on common place topics; ſays the weather is cold, and then contradicting himſelf, ſays it is hot; plays with a trinket at his watch-chain; is almoſt tempted to conſult his watch; and when his civil and good-natured viſitant leaves him, he feels a relief like that expreſſed by Virgil when Alecto returned to hell,

"Cœlum terraſque levavit."
"Both Heaven and earth relieved."

In his ſtudy and writing deſk, the embryos and abortions tranſcend belief. His books, as may be gueſſed by the references and marks on the margin, are only half or in part peruſed. The multitude of begun or unfiniſhed letters is not to be numbered. It often happens, that with as much buſtle as if the ſtate were in danger, he recalls letters from the poſt-office, and having opened and copied, ſends them away again without alteration.

His opinions, chiefly however in matters of ſmall importance, are on many occaſions no leſs variable than his conduct; ſo that, concerning the ſame things and the ſame perſons, he delivers at different times very different judgments. Poſſeſſed of conſiderable ingenuity, and having enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, his ſentiments, eſpecially on ſubjects

of claſſical literature, are in general very highly reſpected. Nevertheleſs, though reference is ſometimes made to him in queſtions of elegant criticiſm, and though his deciſions are always ingenious, they are not always uniform and conſiſtent. Nothing could exceed the aſtoniſhment and chagreen of a bigoted admirer of Shakeſpeare, who had heard him deliver a decided opinion on the diſputed paſſage where Othello ſays,

" Put out the light, and then put out the light;"

and who in a violent diſcuſſion with an opponent no leſs ſturdy than himſelf, propoſed, not very fairly, to refer the matter to the determination of Favonius—Nothing could exceed his aſtoniſhment on hearing the umpire, whom he thought clearly of the ſame mind with himſelf, pronounce ſentence directly oppoſite. " Sir," ſaid he with an impatience tinged with acidity, " have you always been of that opinion?" " I cannot anſwer," replied Favonius, with great complacency and unconcern; " I really " cannot anſwer for paſt opinions."

Now all this heſitation and variableneſs may proceed from an underſtanding and diſpoſitions that are quick and ſanguine; and which unduely influence both opinions and actions. A perſon ſo formed, not taking time enough to conſider the

the chief illuſtrations and arguments that may be ſuggeſted on the ſubject of his deliberation, is ſwayed by thoſe that are firſt preſented; ſo that, when others of equal or ſuperior validity engage his attention, he departs from his former judgment, or wavers between oppoſite views. In like manner, when he is to adopt a ſyſtem of conduct, he does not act deliberately. Eager and impatient he ſees nothing but encouragement; and never dreams of difficulty, or of any thing adverſe. He thus begins precipitately; meets with oppoſition; is ſurprized, confounded, and depreſſed. The lowneſs of his depreſſion is in proportion to his former alacrity; he ſees no reſources, and relinquiſhes his undertaking, mortified in his own mind, and the ſubject of jeſt to others.

Favonius added, in his reply to the angry critic, who perſiſted in remonſtrating againſt the award, "that his judgments, in queſtions of "that nature, varied with the views that might "be preſented to him; and that about their "uniformity or conſiſtency he felt himſelf very "indifferent."—But he ought not to be indifferent. By his indeciſion, in ſome of the inſtances above-mentioned, he has incurred a good deal of expence; and by others, he has ſuſtained a loſs more momentous than that of money,—the loſs of ſome precious time. He alſo endangers

his reputation; for the generality of mankind, prejudging his conduct in affairs of importance by his behaviour in ſmaller matters, will account him ſlight, irreſolute, and inconſiſtent. What is ſtill more to be dreaded, he may run ſome hazard of actually juſtifying beyond the power of excuſe ſuch ſuſpicion or accuſation. Hitherto indeed, his indeciſion is not very culpable; and need not be branded with any harſher appellation than levity. But he ought to beware; for we are ſo connected in ſociety that it is difficult for us to perform many actions, or expreſs many intentions, without affecting, more or leſs, the intereſts of others; without laying us under ſome obligations which we ought to diſcharge, or without exciting ſome expectation which humanity, if not juſtice, ſhould compel us to gratify.

The fluctuating ſtate of Favonius's mind is contraſted with the obſtinacy of his neighbour Sir Anſter. Whatever Sir Anſter aſſerts, how ridiculous or how abſurd ſoever, he adheres to with invincible pertinacity; and in whatever project he embarks, how unreaſonable or unprofitable ſoever, he perſiſts with unyielding perverſeneſs. He ſaid, the other evening, (to give an example in matters of trifling conſequence,) that next day, he would ride ſome half dozen of miles to viſit a friend. Next day the weather was ſo ſtormy

as

as to make it dangerous or very unpleaſant to go on horſeback. Nevertheleſs, he had reſolved; and as "He was none of thoſe weathercocks "that change their mind with the ſlighteſt "breath," he perſiſted in his reſolution. His wife entreated, and his groom remonſtrated; but to no ſort of purpoſe. Go he would; and go he did; ſetting wind and rain and every angry element at defiance. Retarded on the road; arriving late at the houſe of his friend, who with his family had ſat down to dinner, and having no time to dreſs, he ruſhed into the eating-room, wet, unexpected; and therefore, to the Lady of the houſe, a gueſt not very welcome.

As Favonius by his indeciſion, ſo, Sir Anſter, by his obſtinacy, is a loſer of money, time, and reputation. Like Favonius he may incur ſtill greater loſſes. Nor was it without uneaſineſs on the part of their friends, that the unſteadineſs of the one, and the ſtubbornneſs of the other, had almoſt perverted their judgment, when on a trial of the utmoſt importance, they had as jurymen to give their verdict. Nor is it unamuſing, or without uſe to remark, that though the ſymptoms of both theſe indiſpoſitions ſeem different, yet the ſame regimen or preſcription may be of ſervice in both.—Avoid precipitancy; have patience, Favonius!

and neither act nor ſpeak till you have viewed the ſubject of your conſideration, on every ſide, and in a variety of different lights. Be perſuaded, Sir Anſter, to obſerve a ſimilar conduct. You will not thus be charged with ſtubborn obſtinacy any more than your good-natured neighbour, if he follow the ſame advice, with fickleneſs or indeciſion.

N° XX.

Ut in peſtilentia curandum eſt, ne corruptis jam corporibus, et morbo flagrantibus aſſideamus, quia pericula trahemus, aſſatuque ipſo laborabimus; ita in amicorum legendis ingeniis dabimus operam ut quam minime inquinatos aſſumamus. SEN.

ERIC Edelman was the only ſon of Chriſtiern Edelman, an eminent merchant in Copenhagen. His amiable diſpoſitions and good underſtanding were improved by the advantages of a liberal education. But unfortunately, after finiſhing a courſe of ſuch ſtudies as were held not unſuitable to his condition, and about to enter into buſineſs with his father, he became connected with ſome young men of enticing but very diſſolute manners. Among others, a perſon conſiderably older than himſelf named Geyſler, deſcended from a reſpectable family in Jutland, of agreeable appearance and inſinuating addreſs, but who had ſquandered away a large eſtate that had been left him by his parents, and had now no other means of ſubſiſtence but by play, in which he was very expert, became the principal friend of Eric. It is needleſs to enumerate the aſſiduities, flatteries, and plans of ſeduction that were contrived and employed to enſnare him. They were not very numerous. Gay, lively,

lively, unſuſpicious, glowing with the paſſions, and elate with the arrogance and ſelf-importance of youth, he became impatient of all control, and abandoned every worthy purſuit. The remonſtrances of his father were ineffectual, and the traces of good inſtruction were altogether effaced. But though he became as profligate as any of his new aſſociates, he had not acquired their dexterity in profligate arts and attainments. Seduced by their example, and corrupted by their impious maxims, he now became the dupe of their rapacious craft. His loſſes at play were great and frequent. His reſources were ſoon exhauſted. The ſlave of diſſolute vices, without money, without credit, avoided by men of worth, and now deſpiſed by his mean and unfeeling aſſociates, is it wonderful he ſhould deſpair?

But his deſpondency was reprimanded by the ſeeming friendſhip of Geyſler. "Go," ſaid he, "to your father. You are his only ſon. His "wealth is immenſe. Your conduct is not "more cenſurable than that of others. Or do "you think your father himſelf was not in his "youth as debauched, and as expenſive as his "fortune permitted? He muſt indeed be an "unjuſt and unnatural parent, if he will not "free you from your preſent embarraſſment."

Suffice it to ſay, that his father vexed at his follies, ſhocked with his enormities, and weary with having

having frequently, and even to excefs, ſupplied his extravagance, now not only refuſed him, but refuſed him with a ſeverity which his conduct merited. The young man was incenſed. His ſeducer juſtified, even praiſed his diſpleaſure; he called it ſpirit, and improved it into reſentment. Reſentment againſt a father!—But Geyſler had formed a dark and deep deſign to poſſeſs himſelf of Edelman's fortune. For this purpoſe he embraced the preſent opportunity of plying his inconſiderate ſon with extraordinary aſſiduity. He ſupplied him with as much money, from his own funds rapaciouſly accumulated, as enabled him to leave his father's family, and retire to Elſinore. "Conceal your-"ſelf there," ſaid he, "for a little time, and I "ſhall fall upon ſome method of his diſcharging "your debts, and of enabling you to appear as "unembarraſſed, and with as much ſplendor "as uſual." Eric's gratitude was expreſſed with rapture; and his falſe friend did not miſs the opportunity of promoting his reſentment againſt the venerable Chriſtiern.

Young Edelman had not been many days at Elſinore when he received the following letter from Geyſler. "If I were childiſh enough, "my deareſt friend, to believe the fables of "prieſts, I would ſay that a noble interpoſition "of Providence in your behalf had now taken

"place,

" place. I am this inſtant informed that your " inhuman father is ſuddenly dead; an apo- " plectic ſtroke did its duty in an inſtant. " Haſten then to meet me in the Birch-wood " at your father's, rather your country houſe; " by the ſea-ſide between Elſinore and Copen- " hagen. The old fellow is dead without a " will; ſo you are ſole heir of his immenſe " eſtate. Haſten to meet me that we may " concert ſeveral things reſpecting your re-ap- " pearance in this metropolis. Your ever faith- " ful and affectionate Geyſler."

This letter it muſt be acknowledged threw the heart of Eric into great agitation. He ſhed ſome tears, and felt ſome remorſe. He read it again; and was folding it up with extreme emotion, when he received by expreſs the following note from his friend. "I juſt now learn " that your father had given orders for having a " deed written by which you were to be diſin- " herited; and your fortune beſtowed on your " hypocritical couſin Henry. But thank your " ſtars, the old fool had not time to ſign it."

The reſentment of Eric was thus renewed; and his imagination rioted in the proſpect of unbounded opulence. He haſtened to the place appointed; and the ſight of an elegant houſe and gardens of which he now thought himſelf the ſole proprietor, tranſported him with exultation.

"Here," ſaid he, "I ſhall have many a ſmart "party with Geyſler."—Geyſler ſoon arrived; but with a countenance clouded with ſeeming anxiety and diſappointment. Eric flew eagerly to his embrace, and to receive his congratulation. "Nay," ſaid his artful aſſociate, "we "have been ſhamefully and moſt vilely de- "ceived. The report of your father's death "was without foundation. It was invented "and circulated by himſelf; and with the baſe "intention of impoſing upon me, ſo that I "might reveal your ſituation, and the place of "your concealment. He is now leagued with "your creditors; wiſhes you may languiſh out "your life in a jail; or go in a moſt dependent "condition to ſome Daniſh factory in the Eaſt "or Weſt Indies. In the mean time he has "actually made the ſettlement I told you of; "and has declared your couſin Henry the heir "of his fortune."—The various effects produced by this guileful narrative on the mind of Eric may eaſily be conceived. Need it be added, that rage, envy, and revenge were the three furies that ſcourged his heart?

But the ſkies and groves did not frown with correſponding horror. The ſky was ſerene; and the ſun was ſetting bright in the weſt. The birch-wood was adorned with his rays, that crowned with ſplendor the oppoſite mountains

of

of Sweden. The intervening ſea was calm; and a multitude of the veſſels of all nations lay at anchor in the Sound. The father of Eric was then returning from Copenhagen, whoſe ſteeples and edifices were ſeen at a little diſtance. His intention was to paſs the night at his charming villa, and derive from its peaceful retreat as much conſolation as affliction for his ſon's miſconduct would ſuffer him to enjoy. He was deſcryed at a little diſtance by the diſſolute pair, who concealed themſelves by the ſide of a thicket. He was walking ſlowly and alone by a ſolitary path, which he had reſerved for his own convenience, that he might not be diſturbed by carriages or paſſengers, as he went to or returned from the city.

It will readily occur to the intelligent reader, that the abandoned Geyſler was not unapprized of his coming. Nor need it be difficult to conceive, that he meant to profit by the frenzy of Eric's paſſions, and prompt him to deſperate parricide. He might no doubt have perpetrated the crime himſelf; but he choſe to have it done by the unhappy victim of his avarice, in order that being privy to his guilt he might for ever after detain him in bondage, and extort from him what he choſe as the price of his ſilence. He accordingly repreſented to him that if his father were to be ſlain in the wood, it would naturally

naturally be ſuppoſed, that he had been killed by the hand of robbers which at this time infeſted Denmark, and particularly the iſland of Zealand. Yet incenſed and furious though Eric was, his ſeducer had to encounter difficulty and heſitation, before he could prevail with him to graſp the ſword which he offered him, and proceed to the bloody buſineſs.

With irreſolute and trembling ſtep, ferocious but timid look, eyes glaring with the horror of ſelf-condemned reſentment, and a heart wrung with conflicting paſſions, the youth advanced. His father ſaw him, ſhuddered, "Whence?" ſaid he with faltering accent; "and what is your ſavage "purpoſe?" Eric pauſed. "Pauſe not;" ſubjoined his father, now recovering from his amazement; "perpetrate the bloody deed; and "free me from a life which your follies and "vices have rendered miſerable."—The ſword fell from the hand of Eric. He threw himſelf at his father's feet, and hid his face on the ground. The ſeducer was ſeized with terror. He ſaw they would immediately be reconciled, and beheld in that reconciliation his own infamy and deſtruction. No other reſource was left him; both father and ſon muſt periſh. He fired a piſtol; miſſed his aim; Eric ſtarted up at the noiſe; ſeized his ſword; ruſhed upon the aſſaſſin who was drawing the trigger of another piſtol;

piſtol; plunged the ſteel in his heart; and had his own boſom at the ſame inſtant pierced with the fatal bullet. Geyſler died on the ſpot. But Eric languiſhing for ſeveral days afforded his father and other relations the ſad conſolation of hearing his confeſſion, and witneſſing his ſincere and pious repentance. He ſaid it afforded ſome relief to his ſufferings, that "he had ſaved his "father's life, and bequeathed him to the care "of an affectionate and worthy couſin."

"In places afflicted by peſtilence, we muſt "be careful," ſays Seneca, "not to ſit beſide "thoſe who are tainted by the diſeaſe; ſince "we may incur danger, and be infected by "their very breath; ſo in choice of friends, we "muſt beware of forming any connection with "perſons of corrupted manners."

N° XXI.

——Oratio vultus animi eſt. SEN.

MR. PHILANTHROPE.

THOUGH you promiſed to conſecrate ſome of your lucubration to critical inquiry and remark; you have not, as it appears to me, given ſufficient attention to oratorial compoſition. You ought to remember, that no ſpecies of compoſition, eſpecially in this country, has a higher claim to reſpect. Other kinds, ſuch as poetry and hiſtory, may be amuſing; but oratory, beſides contributing to our amuſement, is highly uſeful, and enters into all the concerns, whether important or unimportant, of human life. Every man of any conſideration in the Britiſh iſlands may become a member of parliament; and need I ſay, that to a Senator oratorial talents are or ought to be indiſpenſable? Eloquence is important even at a county meeting, in all meetings and judicaries, independent of its utility in the pulpit and at the bar. Nay Sir, the man or the woman either, who has ſtudied oratory, may diſtinguiſh themſelves in converſation, and particularly in thoſe faſhion-

able and highly valuable inſtitutions of the moderns, denominated literary and political clubs. The Egyptians, it may be ſaid, had no high opinion of oratory, and permitted no other pleadings in their courts of juſtice, than by written memorials; but what ſignify the Egyptians? The Lacedæmonians too, were not much addicted to long ſpeeches; they, however, were no better than brutes; I had almoſt ſaid ſavages. But ſavages are more civilized; and both practiſe and ſet a becoming value on the art of oratory; for among the Indians of America, according to Lafilan and Charlevoix, profeſſional orators very often in their public aſſemblies rouſe the ſpirit and direct the deliberations of their nation. The Roman Tribunes too, knowing the value of eloquence better than the Egyptians or Lacedæmonians, immediately after their inſtitution, and notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the Senate who well knew the importance of their demand, required and obtained the right of haranguing in all aſſemblies of the people, as well as the conſuls; and of having, if they choſe, the mighty privilege of the laſt word.

I am not ſorry, however, that you have not engaged very far in oratorial criticiſm; for I will tell you frankly, I am not very ſure that in your hands it would flouriſh. It is indeed, no favorable

able ſymptom of your ſagacity on this ſubject, that you ſeem ſo much attached to the antients. You will pleaſe, Sir, to be informed, that in oratorial exertion, the antients are greatly inferior to the moderns; and therefore by fair inference, a modern critic who admires Cicero, and Demoſthenes, and Quintilian, either as ſpeakers or teachers of public-ſpeaking, is not to be accounted deep.—For example, the firſt of thoſe writers informs us with no ſmall ſolemnity, and his maxim is repeated by Fenelon, with equal gravity, that no one can be an eminent orator who is not a *good man.* Palpable nonſenſe! As if a man's villainy or integrity could influence his elocution! I have heard indeed, that there is a becoming boldneſs in conſcious truth; an earneſtneſs in good intention; a determination in unyielding integrity; and ſympathetic energy in the language of ſincere affection; that melt the heart, and compel the judgment. But I conſider all this as mere rant, hypocriſy, and affectation. If it was true with Cicero, I am ſure it was not ſo with Cæſar; and though in our own country I have heard, that an anxious client could have diſcerned even in the fluent Murray, when he pleaded at the bar, a tendency to falter, if notwithſtanding the aſſurances he might have given his employer, he was not himſelf ſatisfied with the juſtice of

his cauſe; yet the doctrine itſelf is contrary to general experience. Obſerve ſome modern and greatly enlightened orators; and ſay, if you really can, that truth is more glib than unprincipled effrontery, or more outrageous than diſappointed ambition, or more aſſured than fanatical folly. Who can better varniſh a deceitful tale, than he whoſe intereſt it is to varniſh?

Another idle maxim of your antient critics is, that an orator, at leaſt in his introduction, ſhould be, or affect to be very *modeſt*; and accordingly the great Roman orator is at pains to inform us in ſome of his orations, particularly in his pleading for King Deiotarus, that he was ſhaking from head to foot. The world, however, muſt have been very young indeed, when ſuch a maxim, or ſuch conſequent practiſe, could have had any advantageous effect. The moderns know better things. They well know that a man ſhould think well of himſelf; and inform his audience too that they ſhould think well of him. He muſt tell them, and not very indirectly, that he will yield to no man in requiſite qualifications; and that if they do not believe what he ſays, and do as he deſires them, they are good for nothing, and muſt be ruined. You may obſerve on all occaſions whatever, that your bold, daſhing, and forward fellow, impreſſes every one with a favorable opinion of his

his ſpirit and abilities; while your diffident and reſpectful man of modeſty, though he ſpeak the ſenſe of a ſage, is never liſtened to nor regarded. Depend upon it, that with proper management, egotiſm is a very graceful and commanding figure; in ſo much that I have been ſurprized our modern Rhetoricians have not given it a place in their catalogue of powerful tropes. I have ſeen an orator, who underſtood its full and proper uſe, intereſt and arreſt the attention of a numerous and gaping audience, with the narrative of his whole life and converſation; telling them with great effect, how he managed his go-cart when a boy, and how many yards he could leap when a young man at college.—Not only muſt our accompliſhed orator—for having got into the train, I ſhall go on with ſome directions for the benefit of young practitioners in elocution; and which will be more uſeful than any thing you can advance from any theory on the ſubject; becauſe they are derived from a cloſe attention to the conduct of ſome modern orators.—Not only muſt our accompliſhed orator ſpeak, howſoever he may think on the ſubject, as favorably as he can of himſelf, but muſt do all in his power to vilify and degrade his opponent. This part of his conduct, however, very neceſſary in itſelf, though not very conſiſtent with the character of Cicero's orator

Good-man, muſt be managed with great addreſs. Modern manners render this ſituation of an orator more difficult and even dangerous than among the antients; for a ſpeaker of conſummate ability, and due conſciouſneſs of his ability, and due diſlike of his adverſary, dare not, ſo ſafely as formerly, at Rome and Athens traduce and rail at him.

Another thing to which an ambitious orator ought to be particularly attentive, though I do not find it mentioned by antient critics, is to ſlur over, and make light of the powerful or invincible arguments of an opponent; or ſo pervert and miſconſtrue their meaning, if he be obliged to obſerve them, as effectually to deſtroy their force. It is often expedient, in ſuch a ſituation, to uſe the utmoſt boldneſs; and with a maſterly command of features, and much apparent contempt, to treat them as inſignificant. For as the generality of audiences are more eaſily captivated with an orator's tones, looks, geſture, and fluency, than with any thing elſe; this ſort of arrogant and ſupercilious neglect being reckoned an indication of conſcious ſuperiority, will be more effectual, in all probability, than the moſt elaborate refutation.—I would alſo recommend, as the counterpart of this direction, what I have often ſeen very ſucceſſfully practiſed by ingenious ſpeakers, namely,

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to make a dexterous uſe of the really weak or inferior parts of an adverſary's pleading. This is done, not by treating them as weak, but the contrary. Bring them forward into view; lay great ſtreſs upon them; ſay they are very formidable indeed; that they deſerve very particular notice; and that the determination of the cauſe hinges upon them: then, with an appearance of profound ſagacity, give them a full refutation. This will impreſs your audience both with a mean opinion of your opponent's talents, whoſe weightieſt reaſonings were ſo eaſily overthrown; and with a favorable opinion of your own candour and condeſcenſion in giving ſuch trifling arguments, ſo much attention. You may then go on, as already ſuggeſted, to ſlur over, and undervalue, arguments of real weight.

I reſerve for another communication ſome other directions equally important with the preceding; and founded not only on principles in human nature, but on the practiſe of eminent ſpeakers. Perſuading myſelf at the ſame time, that you, fully aware of their value and tendency, will communicate them on an early day to your readers,

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

Moſt humble ſervant,

N° XXII.

Ubicunque videris orationem corruptam placere, ibi mores quoque a recto deſciviſſe non erit dubium. SEN.

MR. PHILANTHROPE.

NOT chuſing that any other ſubject ſhould interrupt the train of my directions on the practiſe of oratory; and having ſome conſideration for the impatience of your readers to receive them; I loſe no time in ſending you the remainder.

Although, as you may have already obſerved, I have no high opinion of antient critics, eſpecially on the ſubject of oratory; yet I am well aware, that antient authors are much reſpected; and therefore, that it tends greatly to impreſs an audience, eſpecially an ignorant audience, with a high opinion of an orator's underſtanding, if he ſeem deeply verſed in the literature of the antients. He ought to quote unreſervedly, from Latin, and ſometimes from Greek authors; and ſuch quotation will come in very ſeaſonably, when he has nothing elſe to ſay on an argument. I remember to have been preſent at a popular political meeting, when a young orator was going on in a vehement career of declamation,

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to the great admiration of the gaping weavers and taylors who heard him; till all at once, by ſome unfortunate dereliction of mind, he made a full ſtop; his partizans were thrown into the utmoſt anxiety; and the conſequence muſt have been fatal to his reputation, had not a friend whiſpered to him acroſs the table to ſay ſomething about Julius Cæſar. In an inſtant he recovered his utterance, roaring out a paſſage, I believe it was no other than "O tempora! "O mores! O the times! and the manners!" from one of Cicero's orations; and going on with one abſurd quotation, after another, diverſified with applications no leſs abſurd, he ſat down at length amid a ſtorm of applauſe. But though the appearance of learning may be ſometimes uſeful, you may collect from the foregoing fact, that the profound ſtudy of antiquity need not prolong your vigils. Get a few paſſages by heart, the mottos, for example, of the Spectator or Rambler; by the way, mottos to ſuch papers, if they are ſhort, are good for that very purpoſe; or make yourſelf maſter of ſome names and ſtories in the hiſtorical part of a Latin dictionary; nor is it needful to go any deeper. Be ſure, however, in your application of ſuch paſſages, or in any attempts to ſhew your reading and erudition, to commit no palpable blunder, becauſe a laugh raiſed againſt

you

you for ſome egregious miſtake of that ſort, whether the ſubject were antient or modern, might blaſt your reputation for ever. Hence it was that an orator of my acquaintance had almoſt ruined himſelf, when pleading about a veſſel that was wrecked on the Scilly iſlands, he cried out with great emphaſis, "who has not "heard of the *Scylla* and Carybdis of the an-"tients!"—In like manner, when another pleader wanted to inſinuate that his opponent in the cauſe was ſomewhat hypocritical, he made *himſelf* ridiculous by mentioning as he thought very ſlily the Tartuff of Terence.—Be particularly careful not to confound the genders. A plauſible young man who might in time have become a ſpecial orator, did himſelf irreparable miſchief, when endeavouring to prepoſſeſs a ſuſceptible judge in favor of a young Lady who was his client, he roared out in a tranſport of extacy, that for "perſonal attrac-"tion and beauty, ſhe was a perfect Adonis."—But nothing was ever more lamentable than the declamation of even an experienced orator, on the advantages or diſadvantages which Europe had derived from the "Cruſade undertaken for "the recovery of the golden fleece, by the "Emperor Charles the Twelfth of Sweden."

Additionally to what was formerly ſaid, I muſt mention another particular, in which Cicero,

Cicero, Quintilian, and their followers, have been greatly miſtaken. They make a mighty coil about method and arrangement, and cry up the virtues of perſpicuity and lucid order. I ſay on the contrary to my diſciples; but I ſay it in a whiſper, "Be obſcure." It is really aſtoniſhing, that men who know any thing about the power of eloquence, and were ſincere in their inſtruction, ſhould recommend perſpicuity. In a mathematical demonſtration, or in a poem; ſometimes too, though not always in a metaphyſical diſcuſſion, perſpicuity may be of uſe; but in oratory, the perſpicuous orator is guilty of ſuicide. What elſe does he, but enable his adverſary to trace him through all his intricate mazes; to unravel the whole thread of his argument; and dropping my figurative language, to detect, refute, and expoſe? I ſay to my diſciples, "Be obſcure!" and ſet the counter-orator, who would give your argument a fair ſtatement, at utter defiance. So, when he miſtakes or miſſtates your view, it has a fine effect, with a contemptuous or angry look, to cry out, or whiſper ſo loud as to be heard, "that, he does "not underſtand your reaſoning," or "that he "wiſhes to miſlead the court." At any rate, if you have not been underſtood, he will never refute you. Beſides, as in the caſe of Latin and Greek quotation, the obſcurity of a ſpeech, whether

whether ſacred or profane, has a wonderful effect to alarm, appal, and electrify a proper audience. Nay, I have ſometimes ſuſpected that Cicero himſelf was not altogether honeſt, in his cry about perſpicuity; for I confeſs that ſome of his pleadings ſeem to poſſeſs a moſt laudable degree of obſcurity. Have we not heard too, that Oliver Cromwell was an obſcure and confuſed ſpeaker? And what orator of Greece or Rome was ever more convincing, and more perſuaſive, at leaſt, more ſucceſsful?

On the preſent occaſion, when deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of the great importance of my inſtructions to the riſing orators of Great Britain and Ireland, I muſt ſpeak openly and with real candour. I will therefore very frankly acknowledge, that I have met with one direction in Cicero that pleaſes me much; and is perfectly in the ſpirit of my own admonition. He tells us, that though vanquiſhed in an argument, the true orator, the *good man*, ſhould never ſeem to be vanquiſhed; but to retreat with the face of a conqueror. This is maſterly; and ſhews great ſkill in oratorial tactics.—In a ſimilar view, I would recommend ſome other obſervances to the erudite and accompliſhed orator. Be ſure, during the time your adverſary is ſpeaking, to poſſeſs yourſelf; that is to ſay, aſſume the utmoſt command of face. For this

this purpoſe, you may occaſionally ſeem aſleep; or when he is very vehement, or very convincing, you may yawn, or look contemptuouſly, or ſneeringly; or as not in the leaſt degree moved or impreſſed. Such indifference may damp your opponent, if he be any thing raw; and may have as powerful an effect as any argument you can employ, in leſſoning him with his audience. If he pretend to be witty, never laugh; or if you ſmile at his jokes, let it be with contempt. Sometimes, though it muſt not be frequently practiſed, if he be going on in a very ſublime or pathetic ſtrain, or ſeem to make great impreſſion, you may contrive by crying out "to order," or by giving him ſome interruption, either to diſconcert the ſpeaker, or divert and deſtroy the ſuſceptible mood of his hearers.

I truſt, Sir, that theſe directions will be uſeful to our riſing orators. If they do not practiſe them, let them practiſe an oppoſite conduct—at their peril. They will ſoon ſee, whether my maxims or theirs, be moſt beneficial. Certain it is, that mine are moſt in vogue. Adieu,

PAROLLES.

I WILL make no comment on theſe directions. I am under the neceſſity, however of remarking, that

that my correſpondent takes more liberty with me, than, as editor of theſe papers, is altogether decorous. It is uſual with periodical moraliſts to be addreſſed by their correſpondents with a certain degree of reſpect. Much however is to be allowed in favor of plain-dealing; and as I perſuade myſelf that the letter-writer is as ſincere in his cenſure of me as in his directions, I ſhall, for ſincerity's ſake, forgive him.

N° XXIII.

Laudem adoleſcentis propinqui exiſtimo etiam ad meum aliquem fructum redundare.

SIR,

I AM an old man, and if I ſhould diſcover weakneſs in this communication, I perſuade myſelf you will think me entitled to ſome indulgence.

I left England at an early time of life. Being the younger ſon of a reſpectable family, more reſpectable, however, for many other qualities than for their wealth; as ſoon as the education reckoned neceſſary for the buſineſs I was to follow was completed, I was ſent abroad. I lived many years in the Weſt Indies, and by indefatigable diligence in a medical profeſſion, and by engaging afterwards to conſiderable extent in commerce, I gained even more than a ſufficient competency. Returning to my native country I thought of enjoying the reſt of my days in the happineſs of an eaſy retirement.

I was never married; and though I certainly could form no reſolution againſt a condition ſo honorable as that of marriage, yet my life paſſed

away in a ſtate of celibacy. I was not indeed without ſome relations very nearly connected with me, whom I might adopt as my children, and to whom I might leave my fortune. I had a nephew, the ſon of an only ſiſter, who by a ſtrong reſemblance to his mother, whom I loved dearly, and who died a few months after my return from abroad, drew a great ſhare of my attention; and who indeed, in a ſhort time, by the excellent qualities of his own character, engaged much of my affection. The boy really deſerved it; he was docile, gentle, and poſſeſſed, as I believed, of conſiderable talents. As he had no fortune, for his father, who was a clergyman, had died ſome years before, I took him into my family and reſolved to be to him as a father. As he grew up, I found my attachment to him increaſe. He was of a literary turn. Nor was this very different from my own early diſpoſition. I was always attached to literature; and even after my manner of life ſeemed to leave me little leiſure for ſuch employment, I found time to read Virgil and Horace; and derived much amuſement, and perhaps improvement, from Milton, Shakeſpeare, and Addiſon.

Finding my nephew's underſtanding grow apace; and that his powers of taſte and of fancy were acquiring uncommon vigour, I had great pleaſure in his converſation. Alas! that pleaſure

ſure now coſts me dear. The books we formerly peruſed together revive in me a thouſand ſad recollections. Thoſe parts of my fields which he chiefly admired, which had derived embelliſhments from his excellent judgment, and where he uſed to wander many a morning by ſun-riſe, and many an evening by moonlight, I can no longer endure. But all this muſt be borne. I was indeed prepared, in ſome meaſure, for the mournful event that has befallen me. For, Sir, he is no more. I, who expected that affectionate office from him, ſaw him laid in his grave. I am left alone, incapable of any delight, but that of remembering him.

He was of an elegant form, and of a delicate conſtitution. Yet the delicacy of his frame was not more than that of his mind. He had too much ſenſibility, which conſiderably allayed the pleaſure I received in his company, and which, I am afraid, contributed ſomewhat to his death. He ſeemed to feel the ſituation in which he was placed, with a refinement of feeling by far too exquiſite.—"He was not my ſon; all my care of him was "the effect of goodneſs; and though he might "have ſome claim to my protection, he had none "to an affection ſo ſtrongly marked."—A ſenſe of theſe things produced in his mind the livelieſt gratitude: I am confident he eſteemed me; I am even confident that I had a great ſhare of

his friendſhip. But, Sir, his ſenſe of duty was too apparent; he was too ſolicitous not to offend me; and his whole deportment was governed by exceſſive ſhyneſs. He never approached me but with reſpect. He was ſo regular and correct, he laid no claim to indulgence. I have almoſt wiſhed that he had been froward, and had needed rebuke. Heaven knows I would not have rebuked, unleſs for the pleaſure of forgiving him; I had almoſt ſaid rewarding his fault, had he ever been faulty. But though his reſerve and extreme attention gave me real uneaſineſs, he was never moroſe nor ſullen. Though ſometimes thoughtful, he was naturally good-humoured; and occaſionally gay. He embraced every opportunity I offered him of rendering himſelf agreeable; he was never ſilent when he thought I wiſhed him to ſpeak; and always gave me his company when he thought I deſired it. Yet he was ſo loth to appear intruſive, that his intimacy and friendly communications ſeemed leſs the effect of his own inclination, than of compliance with mine. I avoided as much as poſſible, every appearance that could let him feel his dependence; and this very conduct, I am afraid, though proceeding from the beſt intentions, contributed to his ſhyneſs. He ſaw, for he had indeed too much ſenſibility, what he conceived to be the delicacy of my behaviour;

haviour; he thus impoſed upon himſelf additional obligation; and became, of conſequence, ſtill more reſerved and diffident. What alſo tended not a little to this diſpoſition, was a natural or habitual ſhyneſs in my own demeanor. I could not, in ſpite of my wiſhes, with blunt, but kindly aſſault, break down the fences of his reſerve; nor with frank raillery and jocoſe reproof, banter him into eaſier familiarity.—Indeed, Sir, it is not too much fondneſs for my poor Cheſterwold, which makes me imagine that my mind bore ſome reſemblance to his. It is really as I have told you. My temper was naturally reſerved; and having been removed early in life from thoſe in whom I could have placed the moſt entire confidence, this inherent ſhyneſs of diſpoſition increaſed.

In this manner, with warm affection for one another, the higheſt eſteem, ſtrong inclination to oblige, great pleaſure in one another's company, and without any offence either given or received, we really were never intimate.—O! Sir, is there no time, is there no region in this vaſt univerſe, where ſpirits that wiſh to be united ſhall be bleſſed with intimate union? Shall thoſe barriers, often barriers of fancy, that obſtruct the genuine and abundant flow of feeling and of affection, in no ſtate be removed? Capable of conceiving this great felicity, is it

decreed, that in no ſituation, whether preſent or future, we ſhall ever be capable of enjoying it? If ſo, who is the author of ſuch decrees? A benevolent, omnipotent Being? I will not ſay ſo. Our feelings claim another ſtate of exiſtence; and he who faſhioned us with exquiſite organs, will give room for their uſe, and for enjoying their operation.

But, Sir, to return to my narrative; and I will not be tedious. The events I have to relate are not important; but to me. And to me they are moſt important. My poor Cheſterwold was exerting himſelf with great ability and application to render himſelf conſpicuous in a literary profeſſion; for he choſe to have ſome employment in ſociety; though he knew that the fortune I intended to leave him would render him, not only independent, but affluent; and was on the point of finiſhing his preparatory ſtudies. He was juſt about being called to the bar, when he began to languiſh. My fears were alarmed. Every aid was ſolicited, and every conſolation adminiſtered. But the attention of affection and the power of medicine were baffled. He was ſenſible of his ſituation. "I muſt leave "you," he ſaid to me, one day as I ſat by his bedſide. "You have been to me as a parent; "and had I lived, I would have endeavoured, "more fully than I have been hitherto able, to "expreſs

"expreſs my gratitude and my regard." He claſped my hand; looked at me with earneſtneſs, and ſaw the tears which I could not conceal. "Heaven," ſaid he, "will afford you "comfort;" and in his eye alſo the dew of tenderneſs gliſtened. At that inſtant a clergyman, who was intimate in our family, entered the room. He was a good man. He ſaw our condition. He ſaid nothing; but taking me gently by the arm, he led me to the door; and then returned to my nephew. In a few days after, I was left as I now am, deſolate and alone.

Some time after the funeral, I happened to find ſome papers in my nephew's hand-writing, depoſited carefully in his book-room. They contain ſome Poems and Eſſays. I may perhaps over-rate their merit; yet, I think they would do your Miſcellany no diſcredit; and if you gave them a place in it, you would afford me ſome conſolation.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

H. B.

AGREEABLY to the wiſhes of this correſpondent, I ſhall hold myſelf indebted for the four Numbers immediately following, to the pen of his lamented kinſman.

N° XXIV.

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris. Juv.

OSREIDAN of Damaſcus was a heretic of the ſect of Kadir, who believe in the freedom of the human will, and that good works are eſſential to the attainment of future happineſs*. Venerable for age and integrity, he was drawing nigh unto death. By the ſlow, yet progreſſive and perceptible decay of his vital powers, he felt his diſſolution approaching. Affected, but not weakly affected, with the proſpect of bidding adieu for ever to all earthly enjoyments, he retired into a lonely grove by the margin of the river Abana; and conſidering himſelf as ſoon about to appear in the preſence of Allah and his holy prophet, he pondered the paſt events of his life. Solemn ſilence prevailed; the ſtream flowed gently, and without any noiſe; the ſhade from ſurrounding poplars became ſo gloomy as to ſeem præter-natural; veneration and awe ſeized the ſoul of Oſreidan. "Holy Allah!" he exclaimed, "before whom I am ſoon to ap-

* Rycaut.

"pear,

" pear, let my departure be tranquil, and may " thy favor receive me!"

A ſudden light beamed around him. It flowed from the ſnow-white raiment, and ſhining treſſes of a ſpirit, that in the form of a man addreſſed him. " Be of good cheer!" ſaid the gentle viſitant. " I am thy genius, the guar- " dian of thy life, the witneſs, and as far as was " given me, and as far as the freedom of thy " will permitted, the director of all thine actions. " I have heard thy ſincere effuſion; and am " commiſſioned, in conſideration of thine inte- " grity, of thy piety, and of thy mercy, to ani- " mate at thy parting hour, and inſtruct thy " devotion. Lift up thy ſoul to the Ruler and " Creator of all things; and pour out the tri- " bute of thankſgiving *for all that has ever be-* " *fallen thee.*"

" Alas!" ſaid Oſreidan; " my heart recoils " from that awful office. I have never hitherto, " from ſervile fear, nor will I now, at the cloſe " of life, diſguiſe the thoughts of my ſoul. " I will not feign a gratitude I cannot feel; nor " appear before my Judge and his holy pro- " phet, with baſe proſtration, and the homage " of lying lips. I will thank him for the good " he has rendered me; for the cup of proſperity " which I have held; for the robe of honor " which I have worn; and theſe hoary locks of

" revered old age; but I cannot thank him for
" *evil.*"

The genius, with a ſmile of ſoftneſs, replied;
" No real evil hath ever befallen thee."—
" How!" anſwered Oſreidan, with ſurprize bordering on indignation; " when my ſon, my
" only child, the youthful and bold Albazan,
" whoſe ſtature was like mount Taurus; and
" whoſe fame ſaluted me, like the breath of
" Arabian odour; when Albazan periſhed, did
" I not feel as a father? and did I feel no
" pain?"—" Wouldſt thou not rather," ſaid the genius, " that thy ſon, unſeduced by corruption,
" and unaſſailed by diſgrace, ſhould have died
" in the morning of life extolled and lamented, than that he ſhould have ſuffered, in
" the noontide of his age, the infamy and
" the puniſhment due to enormous guilt?"—
" Would Albazan," exclaimed the father;
" would Albazan have ſtooped to guilt? His
" ſoul was pure as the empyreal ſky; and as
" the brilliant ſtars that diverſify its expanſe,
" were his numerous and ſplendid virtues."

" Tell me what thou beholdeſt," ſaid the friend of Oſreidan.—He ſaw, in the ſpirit of viſion, a young man of prepoſſeſſing appearance. By the rapidity and intuition of the præter-natural mood, he ſaw him aſcending the heights of *Honor* diverſified as they ſeemed, with groves, temples,

temples, triumphant arches, and obeliſks inſcribed with everlaſting characters. He ſaw him aſſailed by a troop of *Temptations*. The phantoms were of various ſhapes, and their appearances ſhifting. They diſplayed to the ſprightly but devoted youth, cozened by magic ſpells, the pomp of illuſtrious attendance, the glare of the gorgeous banquet, the domes of the lofty palace, the ſeduction of ſmiling maids; they ſubdued and enſlaved him. For deviating from his upward courſe, he followed his gay enticers, and deſcended imperceptibly into the mazes of *Error*. The winding path was bordered with ſhrubs and flowers; and was frequently darkened or overſhadowed with fragrant groves. Ever and anon he partook of the delicious fruit that from the neighbouring branches enticed him. But inſtead of refreſhing, they made him weak, and nevertheleſs, promoted unquenchable thirſt. He then drank of a meandering ſtream that crept gently beſide him. But the muddy ſtream of *Corruption*, inſtead of relieving, fevered, or rendered him ſtill more languid. He looked up with a ſigh to the mountain of *Honor*; but he had ſtrayed ſo far around that in his languor, he could not think of returning; and the ſide now expoſed to his view was a rugged and unſurmountable precipice. Faint and hopeleſs he retired for reſpite

into

into an adjoining tent, garniſhed with flaunting banners, and glittering with the unreal appearance of gold and precious ſtones. He knew not, alas! the receſs and the retirement of *Falſehood*. Reclining on ſilken couches, the couches of *Vain-enjoyment*; he drew around him curtains embroidered with various colours, the curtains of *Self-deceit*; and was lulled to repoſe by the tinkling cymbal of *Folly*. Short were the ſlumbers of his witleſs reſt. He was waked by the croaking of *Infamy*, a large and præter-natural raven, whoſe braying noiſe ſhook the rocks and the groves; and was devoured by an enormous Crocodile, that had watched him as he entered the maze, and had lurked by the noiſeleſs ſtream.

"Thou beholdeſt," continued the genius, "the lot of thy lamented ſon, had not the angel "of death, by the ſhaft of ſudden and unex- "pected diſtemper, prevented his guilty ſhame. "Stupified by diſſipation, and enſnared by *Falſe- "hood*, he would not have been rouzed from his "vicious indulgence, but by the peal of *Infamy*, "and the gripe of *Deſtruction*. Sorrow for his "crimes and his ſufferings, would have blaſted "the ſtrength of his father's mind, and render- "ed him incapable of virtuous exertion. Be "thankful for the death of thy ſon!"

The

The aged cheek of Ofreidan was bathed in a flood of tears. He wept bitterly; and for a ſpace, the anguiſh of his grief was ſilent. At length, in interrupted accents—"Why did I "ever exiſt? Or why was I hailed with the "name of father? But the will of Allah be "done! He, whoſe arm is almighty, and whoſe "bleſſedneſs is unimpaired, can never injure, "nor without a cauſe, afflict the leaſt of his "creatures. The will of Allah be done!"

The countenance of the genius was for a moment bedimmed; and his viſage ſeemed indiſtinct. But his form remained; and in an inſtant recovered its brightneſs. His eye was rekindled with the pureſt intelligence; and the ſmile that played on his lip was of the kindeſt benignity. He had withdrawn from Ofreidan, and had left his aſſumed appearance behind him. With a celerity tranſcending all human conception, he had ariſen to the ſapphire throne; and had preſented himſelf, for further inſtruction, before the Antient of Days. He had then returned; reanimated his human appearance; and reſuming his ſpeech in tones of ſoft conſolation, "I am permitted," he ſaid, "as the recom-"penſe of thine humility, of thy juſt, rational, "and meek reſignation, to reveal a part, ſo far "at leaſt as thou art able to underſtand, of an "awful myſtery.—Thy ſon was called into ex-

"iſtence

"iſtence for the diſcharge of important func-
"tions; and to ſhare, in proceſs of time, and
"after various changes, the ſupremeſt happi-
"neſs that man can enjoy,—the happineſs ariſing
"from his powers and virtues. Some part of
"his office he has already performed; for he
"has afforded exerciſe to thoſe virtues of thine,
"which by having been proved, and by having
"received their proper exerciſe, ſhall in the
"ſequel exalt thy nature. Having done ſo,
"and not having ſufficient powers to oppoſe
"the perils that muſt as thy ſon have aſſailed
"him, he has been called, in conſideration of
"the merit he had already acquired, and by the
"mercy of Heaven, to the trials of a new con-
"dition. He is expoſed again to temptation.
"But aided by the counſels, and by the habits
"of early life, though he is at preſent uncon-
"ſcious of the ſources from which his aſſiſtance
"flows, he has power to oppoſe them. He will
"thus acquire ſtill higher endowments; and be
"enabled to combat even fiercer temptations,
"fiercer and more ſeducing than thoſe which the
"viſion ſhadowed. Renovation of life, the rein-
"ſtated memory of paſt events, renewal and in-
"creaſe of affection, in ways too myſterious for
"human conception, ſhall in another ſtate be the
"portion of both father and ſon. For to intel-
"ligent beings death is not the cloſe, but the
"means

" means of awful and important variety in their " mode of exiſtence."

" But," ſaid Oſreidan emboldened by the condeſcenſion of his celeſtial friend, " could " not this have been accompliſhed without the " ſmalleſt intermixture of evil?"—" What pro- " portion," anſwered the genius, " what pro- " portion can you eſtabliſh between an inſtant " of time, and a million of ages? What pro- " portion can you eſtabliſh between the ſmalleſt " drop of dew that hangs on the point of the " fineſt needle employed by the maidens of " Caſimer in the needle-work of their queen, " and the waters of the mighty deep? Far leſs the " proportion of the preſent life to the duration " of future exiſtence. Thy ſufferings will va- " niſh from thy remembrance as the white " vapour on the breaſt of the ſky diſperſed by " the blazing ſun. Conſider too, that if the " ſuffering thou accounteſt painful, tranſient " as it muſt ſeem, ſhall become the means of " ſecuring, exalting, and improving the reliſh " of thy future enjoyments, as the ſpices of " Java improve the feaſt of the Caliph, what " thou pronounceſt ſuffering is no longer to be " accounted evil."

The genius diſappeared. All remembrance of the facts and ſayings that occurred in his viſitation was inſtantly effaced from the mind of Oſreidan.

Oſreidan. He ſeemed to have had a viſion; but could not tell what it was. Yet its parting gleam had been bright and delightful. He felt its benign effects; for the remaining days of his life were ſoothed with complacency, with good will to mankind, conſolation, and peace.

The writing of the viſion was afterwards revealed to the Hermit of Carmel, who was alſo a Kadarite; and by him ſet forth in a book for the conſolation and hope of the faithful.

N° XXV.

Mens erit apta capi tunc, cum lætiſſima rerum,
Ut ſeges in pingui luxuriabit humo. OVID.

MELANCHOLY is of different kinds. One ariſes from the diſappointment of pride, avarice, or ambition; but chiefly from diſappointed pride. Congenial with diſcontent, chagrine, and ill-humour, it is altogether unlovely and unloving. It occaſions hatred of mankind; renders us incapable of any enjoyment; and unleſs timely corrected, may terminate in fatal deſpondency.

Another kind of Melancholy ariſes from obſerving and reflecting upon the imperfections of human nature, the uncertainty and imperfection of human happineſs. It induces a thoughtful habit; corrects aſpiring hopes; and though it incline men to reſerve and ſolitude, it does not generate moroſeneſs of diſpoſition, or indifference to the intereſts of others, or diſinclination to give them aid. It may lead thoſe who are ſubject to its influence, not to hate, but to avoid mankind, becauſe it is allied to taſtes and wiſhes that cannot be gratified in the uſual intercourſe of ſociety. It may occaſion regret; and provoke a ſigh: but againſt the human race indiſ-

criminately never feels or expreſſes ſcorn, never indulges reſentment, or gives vent to invective.

The diſtinction now ſtated gave occaſion to the following verſes. At the ſame time, the reader of diſcernment and ſenſibility will ſoon perceive, that ſome of the views ſuggeſted, reſpect the uncertainty rather than the imperfection of human happineſs.

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

I.

How ſhall I woo thee, lovely maid!
Of penſive air, in duſky ſtole array'd,
With flowing train that graceful ſweeps the ground,
Thy brow with wreath of cypreſs bound,
And with a veil of ſable lawn
O'er thine expreſſive features drawn,
How ſhall I hail, and call thee to mine aid?
Shall th' obedient lyre prolong
With ſolemn cadence th' elegiac ſong,
That ſlowly moves with unaffected grace?
O Melancholy, ſuch thy thoughtful pace!
Or rather ſhall my numbers riſe
Various, as from the venerable fane,
The holy, ſacerdotal train
With tranſporting ecſtaſies,
Invoke the ſacred powers that dwell
In fragrant fields of aſphodel.

II. Now

II.

Now leave me, Mirth! nor with alluring leer
To me thy gaudy form preſent;
Nor in my lonely path appear
With flaunting air, and ſoothing blandiſhment;
Nor trimly twin'd with flowerets gay,
Caſt thy chaplet in my way.
Thy boaſted joys are not divine;
For tho' with brilliancy they ſhine,
At once they vaniſh; as 'mid ev'ning ſkies
The flaſhing meteor glows, and dies.—
Lead me, meek-ey'd Melancholy!
Far from the reſort of folly;
Oft at twilight's ſober hour
Lur'd by Fancy's charming power,
Let my duteous ſteps, and ſlow
To ſilent ſhades and lone receſſes go!

III.

Fancy liſtens to my lay;
Shrouds, in her duſky pall, th' expiring day!
Anon, athwart the lurid ſkies
Slowly the deep, congenial glooms ariſe;
The lonely moan of the forlorn
On the ſlow, pauſing breath of midnight borne,
Flows from the viſionary vale!
Seen by the livid gleam of fear,
Dimly-featur'd ſhapes appear
And Melancholy's ſlow-puls'd heart aſſail.

Glaring Fiends! and ſpectres gaunt!
That from the gulf of horror riſe, avaunt!
No, not to ſuch terrific forms as theſe!
But to thoughts that ſadly pleaſe;
To ſuch I yield, as to conſenting hearts,
Soft-ey'd Sympathy imparts.

IV.

Here a lofty caſtle roſe!
Court and hall and turret rung
Loud with merriment and ſong.
From the ſparkling chalice flows
The flood of care-diſpelling wine.
Lo! the gilded ceilings ſhine
With many a taper blazing bright,
While the gorgeous train advance,
Mingling in the meaſur'd dance,
And mirth, and laughter, and delight
Bid the feſtal bliſs abound,
And the joyous ſong reſound.
But unforeſeen, in evil hour,
Miſchance with overwhelming power,
Frown'd!—The pleaſures haſte away!
Dance and ſong and paſtime gay
Quit the deſolated hall.
In ruins now the fractur'd columns fall;
Now where the ſtoried tap'ſtry hung;
The rank weed waves, and ivy creeps along;
And from the rampires thro' the ſtarleſs ſky
The ſcreech-owl frightens night with her bewailing cry.

V. Tall

V.

Tall by that river roſe an oak,
And gave his branches to the buxom air;
And many a feather'd warbler there,
At riſing or declining day,
Carrol'd the melodious lay.
But lo! the ſhelt'ring boughs are broke.
No more beneath their hoſpitable ſhade,
The rural train ſecurely laid,
Avoid the ſun's meridian flame;
On furious wing the whirlwind came;
And rag'd, and with tremendous ſound,
Hurl'd the lamented ruin to the ground.
" Meet emblem!" will the minſtrel ſay,
Who ſighs and pours the plaintive lay;
And bending o'er the ſculptur'd urn,
Invokes the tuneful Nine to mourn;
" Meet emblem!" will the minſtrel ſay;
And ſigh and pour the plaintive lay;
And grieve that merit cannot ſave
From dire diſeaſe and an untimely grave.

VI.

Now I tread, or ſeem to tread
The dreary manſions of the dead!
Silent and ſtill the ſleeper lies;
Clos'd, for ever clos'd his eyes!

Moulders here the lovely face,
Erewhile array'd with winning grace;
The powerful limb, the ſtately form,
The prey, ah me! of the devouring worm.
Hither turn thee, lofty Pride!
Turn, and for a moment deign
To lay thy witleſs ſcorn aſide,
And glance oblique of inſolent diſdain.
Here the high-born and the brave,
The wiſe, the beauteous, and the ſtrong,
An undiſtinguiſh'd throng,
Are laid together in the waſteful grave;
Clos'd, for ever clos'd their eyes!—
Till the day-ſpring ſhall ariſe,
Till the final morn unfold
Her orient portal bright with gold;
Uſher the beams of everlaſting light;
Annihilate the powers of night;
Burſt the fetters of the tomb;
And ſummon all that ſleep to their eternal doom.

VII.

Melancholy, ever mild,
Reflection's ſober-minded child!
Not the fell power on deeds of frenzy bent,
Th' offspring of pride and diſcontent,
Foſter'd by capricious ſpleen,
Of louring brow and hagged mien,
Whoſe dire ſuggeſtion would controul
The proweſs of th' aſpiring ſoul;

Whoſe

Whoſe witching eye and mutter'd ſpell
Can in her chain ev'n reaſon's might compel;
And often to the graſp of wild deſpair,
Commits with ranc'rous ſmile, the blood-ſtain'd dagger bare! —
O Melancholy! ever mild,
Reflection's ſober-minded child,
By Tenderneſs his gentle ſpouſe,
To whom he breath'd his faithful vows;
Fair Virgin! that in early youth
Devoted to the love of truth,
With thoughtful zeal, would often climb
The hermit Contemplation's hight ſublime,
And thence with calm diſcerning eye,
The various paths of life deſcry,
As in the mazy vale below
They led to happineſs or woe;
Then would with native diffidence retire
To the deep ſequeſter'd dells,
Where in Elyſian calm, Reflection dwells,
And explanation aſk'd of thine enlighten'd Sire:
Thy other parent all the while
Diſpenſing with a lenient ſmile,
Sweet diſpoſitions to thy heart:
Until ſhe bade thee, ſoft-ey'd angel, go,
And mingle in the ſcenes of human woe;
And wiſdom to th' ingenuous mind impart.

VIII.

Gentle Spirit! if to thee
I rightly pour my votive minſtrelſy,
Whene'er within my beating breaſt,
Unruly paſſions would diſturb my reſt,

Chiefly when my feet reſort
To lively Mirth's alluring court,
Let thy ſecret influence find
My boſom to thy lore inclin'd:
Teach me how to prize aright
The fleeting objects of delight:
Counſel of thee my conſcious heart inquires:
Quench not, but duly temper my deſires.

N° XXVI.

Hoc opus meum eſt, hæc cogitatio, imponere veteribus malis finem. SEN.

MEN are apt to complain, that the gifts of fortune are unjuſtly or unequally diſtributed. In the reveries of inexperience or the reflections of early life, we think many are wealthy who ought not to be ſo, and many in indigence who ought to be wealthy; we ſee perſons diſtinguiſhed who have no right to diſtinction, and men, who ought to be honored, depreſſed in obſcurity. Hence we aſk, with ſome peeviſhneſs, "Have "not all men ſimilar appetites, ſimilar taſtes, "and deſires? Are not all men equally capable "of enjoying felicity? Why then ſhould the "means of gratifying deſire, and of poſſeſſing "happineſs, be allowed to ſome and denied to "others? Has nature interpoſed, and granted "a charter of power, and privileges of peculiar "indulgence, to her ſelected favourites? Like a "capricious deſpot, has ſhe her minions, perſons "choſen by her, independent of their merits, "to be the envied objects of her injudicious "favor and blameable partiality?"

Moved by theſe conſiderations, ſuch ſpeculatiſts as we have mentioned have thought that the abolition of all diſtinctions, whether of wealth or of grandeur, would lead to a more natural arrangement, and be more conducive to the welfare of human ſociety. Requiring that all differences, but thoſe founded on merit, ſhould be annulled, they inſiſt in behalf of their ſyſtem, that many of the vices that infeſt mankind would in this manner be for ever precluded. We ſhould enjoy immunity from avarice; from pride, arrogance, and all the hated pretenſions of inſolent ſuperiority; nor ſhould we be any longer diſguſted with the diſcontent, the meanneſs and ſpiteful ſorrows of poverty. We ſhould be free from the envy, the malignity, and contention, that ſubſiſt among the rich and the poor, or between them. The undue practices of ambition, vicious emulation, and the love of gain, would be for ever unknown.

Againſt this ſyſtem, however, even though the obſervations now expreſſed be fully admitted, very powerful objections may be oppoſed.—In particular, we are not to ſuppoſe, that every ſituation or enjoyment, of which we are capable of forming an image or ideal repreſentation, is the moſt proper for us, and for beings formed and faſhioned as we are. A community, or rather an equality of goods; the other equalities that

that muſt enſue; freedom from ambition and avarice, freedom from the cares, diſcontent, inſolence, envy, and anxiety that ariſe from avarice and ambition, may conſtitute a ſituation excellent and happy in itſelf; but the ſituation is not for *us*; it is not fit or proper for the preſent condition of human nature.

I hear it inſtantly urged, "Is not happineſs "the object of all our wiſhes, the excitement to "all our purſuits, our Being's end and aim?" "Are we not formed for the enjoyment of "happineſs? Is not this the language of all our "deſires? Why elſe have we appetites and paſ-"ſions, mental powers and bodily organs? But "if happineſs be the object of all our wiſhes, "and if we are formed for enjoying it, and if "equality of condition be the ſureſt means of "attaining it, how can it be aſſerted that equa-"lity of condition is not for *us*?"

I reply, and I hope my reply may be liſtened to with patience and with attention—Though happineſs be the ultimate end of our creation, it is not the immediate, nor even the ultimate end of our preſent condition. For however ſpecious the obſervation appears, that all men purſue happineſs as a natural and proper object, and that we are rendered capable of enjoying it; yet the poſition is not to be admitted without

out conſiderable limitation or conſiderable explanation.

If we are made for purſuing and enjoying happineſs, why is it not enjoyed? Among the numerous candidates for this great reward, why have ſo few within the limits of human life; or why has no perſon whatever been able to boaſt of the poſſeſſion? For the ſpace of nearly ſix thouſand years, every human Being, in every part of our planet, on every continent, in every iſland, in every region, in every climate, in all ſtates of ſociety, amid the ſhades of retirement or the blaze of ſplendor, has been engaged in this important purſuit; has been engaged, not only by the urgency of keen deſires, but with the aſſiſtance of great ability; yet who is he who has been able truly to ſay, and declare to an admiring univerſe, "I am fully and completely "happy?"

Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt, &c.

If we have been formed for purſuing and enjoying happineſs, as a natural, proper, and immediate object; and if no one has ever enjoyed it, Nature, or whoſoever called us into exiſtence, muſt have faſhioned us with great imperfection, and

and is little entitled to the encomium of ſkilful workmanſhip. The engine that never executes the work for which it was originally conſtructed, is ſurely not well conſtructed.—But the general poſition is ill-founded, or inaccurately expreſſed; and this inaccuracy of expreſſion has led men into error.

No man can be happy without being capable of being happy. Keen deſires and ſuſceptibility are not ſufficient. Keen deſires and mere ſuſceptibility unfit men for ſuch enjoyment. They impart gleams of felicity, while they betray us into ſnares and troubles. They expoſe us to external and internal ſtrife, vex us with reſtleſs wiſhes, torment us with gnawing appetites, or baffle us with diſappointment. To enjoy happineſs our minds muſt be duly diſciplined; our abilities duly conducted; the violence of deſire reſtrained; the eagerneſs of inclination corrected. It is thus we become not merely ſuſceptible but capable of enjoying felicity; and are thus led to the important concluſion, that the great object of our lives is, not to obtain happineſs, but to prepare us for obtaining it; and that the ultimate end of our preſent being is not happineſs, but *improvement*. The boon will be beſtowed when we are fit for receiving it; but how, or when, or with what change of condition, we cannot tell.

Mean-

Meantime ſince the improvement of our nature is the end of our being in this planet, we are to conſider, whether that improvement is to be attained in circumſtances of eaſe and luxurious indulgence; or in a ſituation that requires exertion. Does not all improvement, and eſpecially all moral improvement, depend on the exerciſe of certain powers? But do not exertion and the exerciſe of powers ſuppoſe difficulties to be ſurpaſſed, and trials to be encountered? Are not difficulties and trials, whether occaſioned by outward circumſtances, or ariſing in our own breaſts, the means by which excellent powers and virtues are called forth, proved, and confirmed? We cannot be ſaid to have a temper incapable of envy, choler, or diſcontent, if we have never been placed in ſituations expoſing us to their aſſault. He is not to be counted compaſſionate, whom miſery has never ſolicited; nor is he to be accounted meek, who has never felt provocation.—Now the trials and difficulties ſo neceſſary to the formation of that temper, and the fit exerciſe of thoſe powers by which we acquire a capacity for the enjoyment of happineſs, occur chiefly in our purſuits after the goods of fortune, the purſuits of wealth, honor, and independence. But eſtabliſh a perfect equality, and no ſuch purſuits, no competitions, no trials of temper, no exertions of ſelf-command,

mand, no reſtrictions of ſelf-denial, none of the temptations of avarice and ambition, and none of the triumphs of magnanimity or moderation, can ever exiſt.—Without mental diſcipline, ſuch diſcipline as we have now illuſtrated, envy, anger, and animoſity, would intrude even on an Elyſium, and invade the quiet of a golden age. "No," anſwers an opponent, "for by our hypotheſis, "every thing is ſo abundantly ſupplied, as to "prevent their intruſion." But the riſe and conſequence of malignant paſſion do not depend on external things. Do they appear among mankind in the exact proportion of inferiority or ſuperiority? Certainly not. A rich man is often envious; a poor man contented. Mere external ſituation, and circumſtances from without, have therefore no adequate or proportioned effect, in exciting or promoting malignant paſſions. Imagination creates differences, where none exiſt; ſo that, according to every hypotheſis, the diſcipline of paſſion and imagination; for imagination and paſſion mutually prompt one another, is for the enjoyment of happineſs indiſpenſably requiſite.

Though therefore a condition of perfect equality may be conceived to be the region of felicity, the climate of true enjoyment, and may, for any thing we know to the contrary, be the ſituation of ſome other rational and moral agents,

agents, intelligences that move in a ſphere ſuperior to human nature; yet it is not proper or fit for us. The region and climate are too pure for the groſſneſs, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, of earthly ſpirits.

Such is the anſwer to the advocates of equalization by thoſe philoſophers who conceive that man is in a ſtate of progreſſion; ſubject to great or various changes; capable of high improvement; and under an immutable obligation, if he would be a candidate for happineſs, to be a proficient in wiſdom.

(To be continued.)

N° XXVII.

IN CONTINUATION.

——Certuſque merenti
Stat favor; ornatur propriis induſtria bonis. CLAUD.

ALLOWING equality of external circumſtances to be altogether fit and proper for the preſent condition of human nature, it is a ſituation nevertheleſs altogether without our reach; and if ſo, our endeavour to attain it muſt not only be fruitleſs, but improper. It muſt occaſion unavailing labour and an uſeleſs waſte of exertion. It muſt promote diſcontent, make us repine at our preſent condition, and encourage improper thoughts concerning the government of the univerſe. It muſt clog activity, impede improvement, diſturb the happineſs we at preſent enjoy, and even incapacitate us for thoſe gratifications we ſo eagerly deſire.

We are no doubt capable of conceiving a ſituation where all things neceſſary to the happineſs of mankind are in ſuch abundance, that there is no occaſion for accumulating wealth, and where of conſequence none of the painful

differences which wealth produces, can excite our diſguſt or averſion. We can fancy a golden age; Elyſian fields; an eternal ſpring; or rather an eternal autumn. We can thus fancy immunity from ambition and envy, and all the vices of exceſſive wealth or exceſſive poverty. But with a very few, if with any exceptions, ſuch abundance, in the regions occupied by mankind, is not found to exiſt; and without ſuch abundance, equality of poſſeſſion could not take place. In our preſent ſituation men are obliged to labour, and to exert both bodily and mental powers. In general the acquiſition of wealth, and a plenteous ſhare of what are accounted the good things of human life, depend upon our own toils and talents, or on the toils and talents of our forefathers. But what we acquire by our own abilities and exertions is our own. A feeling of property is thus excited; and we are loth to part with what coſt us pains and ſkill to procure; in order to gratify thoſe who are leſs ſkilful, leſs able, and leſs active than ourſelves. A ſenſe of juſtice is thus eſtabliſhed; indignation ariſes; and we regard thoſe with conſiderable diſpleaſure, who would do nothing themſelves but profit by the exertions of others. Equality of poſſeſſions is therefore impoſſible. It is not attainable, unleſs men were inveſted with equal powers, and exerted them

them with equal diligence. It is not attainable, but by violence; it is unjuſt, and attempts to attain it would occaſion more animoſity than it could ever prevent.

We might carry theſe remarks ſtill farther; and ſhew very clearly, that, in conſequence of our neceſſary ſituation, there muſt be diſtinction of ranks.—We cannot deprive a man of what he has acquired by his own becoming induſtry. But he cannot exactly aſcertain, or define his wants; and his acquiſitions may be greater than what are neceſſary for himſelf. Is he therefore to caſt away what he finds by experience he cannot uſe? or is he to give it gratuitouſly to his indigent or ſlothful neighbour? We readily anſwer, he may do with it as he pleaſes; he will perhaps do well if he give it to the needy; but not well if he give it to the ſlothful. We cannot, however, compel him either to withhold it from the worthleſs, or to relieve the poor. In this ſituation he will do beſt to beſtow the ſurplus of his fortune on his own children. It is needleſs to expatiate. He muſt beſtow it on his own children. Every ſentiment of juſtice, and every impulſe of affection require it. Thus perſons acquire wealth without their own exertions, and acquire it ſo juſtly, that it would be criminal to take it from them. But the perſon who obtains wherewithal to gratify his own proper deſires,

ſires, and thoſe of others who are nearly related to him, and in great abundance, and by the ſole exerciſe of good talents and honeſt induſtry, becomes an object of high reſpect. His acquiſition is in ſome degree the meaſure of his worth, and he is eſteemed accordingly. He does ſervices, and meets with gratitude; does ſervices from affection, and is beloved. The love, gratitude, and eſteem of others are expreſſed towards him, by deference ſhewn to him, by diſtinction, and by precedence. It is impoſſible that ſome of theſe things ſhould not deſcend to his children; they expect them; and, in periods that are not corrupted, endeavour to deſerve them. In a word, where exertions are neceſſary to the happineſs of mankind, diſtinctions muſt of courſe enſue; they are natural, they are uſeful: and thoſe who would endeavour to aboliſh ranks and diſtinctions do what is unjuſt and unnatural.

The impracticability of the ſcheme is well illuſtrated in the hiſtory of antient Rome. The Romans conſiſted originally of a mixed company, or multitude of perſons from different ſtates and of different conditions. Bold, turbulent, and independent, they were not diſpoſed to acquieſce in any diſtinctions that exalted ſome and degraded others. Senſible, at the ſame time, that the greateſt differences, differences of rank, and differences in the enjoyment of eaſe and pleaſure, depended

depended on property; they determined that all the property of the ſtate ſhould be diſtributed among them in equal portions. Their origina territory, therefore, was divided into three parts: one was appropriated to the maintenance of religious worſhip; another to defray the expences of government; and the largeſt was allotted equally to all the free ſubjects of Rome; ſo that each individual had nearly two acres of landed property. In a ſimilar view, as well as for purpoſes of military diſcipline, the ſpoils taken from an enemy were not retained by thoſe who ſeized them; but were delivered to the Quæſtor; who proportioned them equally, or ſo proportioned their prices if they were ſold, to all the ſoldiers in the army. Thus the ſyſtem of an equality of poſſeſſions was, as nearly as poſſible, realized; and an attempt made, and formally ratified, to prevent or aboliſh the chief diſtinctions of wealth and honor. But the ſcheme proved abortive. It was oppoſed by various propenſities of human nature. Inherent feelings and inclinations revolted; and led directly, though gradually and without any violence of oppoſition, to an oppoſition the moſt determined and the moſt effectual. Various circumſtances, ariſing from diverſity of age, of abilities, of opportunities, or inclination, rendered ſome men wealthier and more reſpected, than others. Old men, venerable for their experience, acquired authority; and men

teſtified their reſpect for them by acts of external deference. Their ſons, having reflected upon them ſome of the reſpect ſhewn to their fathers, and feeling in themſelves ſome conſciouſneſs, real or imaginary, of ſuperiority, claimed and obtained precedence. Other perſons, diſtinguiſhed for their bodily ſtrength, prudence, ingenuity, or exertion, were eminently ſucceſsful in the culture of their fields, or by other means of obtaining property; and felt themſelves entitled to enjoy the fruits of their laudable induſtry; and the voice of natural juſtice being more powerful than that of formal inſtitution, their claims were tacitly admitted; and obtaining a degree of reſpect not very different from that enjoyed by the deſcendants of Senators, they roſe along with them to patrician dignity. To this there was the greater tendency, that, as ſome men became rich and independent, others became poor and dependent: and borrowing the means of ſubſiſtence from their wealthier neighbours, they were led imperceptibly not only to ſupport their intereſts, but to treat them with high reſpect. Hence the origin of the relation ſubſiſting between Patrons and Clients; and which perſons in the higher ranks encouraged; ſince, notwithſtanding the poverty of inferior Romans, they were ſtill obliged to regard them as fellow-citizens; and on account of the privileges they in

that

that capacity enjoyed, might be beholden to them for important ſervices. In like manner aroſe the diſtinctions of the equeſtrian order. Notwithſtanding the plan of equalization attempted at the commencement of the ſtate, the form of government was monarchical. The King, though his powers were very limited, was, by general conſent, treated with extraordinary deference. Thoſe, therefore, who were occupied about his perſon, who were employed as his guard, or who executed his immediate commands, were alſo regarded with ſome reſpect; and their deſcendants might have apprehended, and, in the prejudices of mankind, might have found themſelves entitled to ſome attention. Such attendants performing their ſervices on horſeback were called Equites or horſemen, from the Latin word ſignifying a horſe; and founded the equeſtrian order. Inferior to the ſenatorial or patrician rank, they were however accounted ſuperior to other Romans. By an aſſociation and propenſities ſufficiently obvious, thoſe alſo, who performed military ſervice on horſeback, held themſelves ſuperior to the infantry, and ſuperior to the ordinary citizens. Yet, conſidered by Senators and Patricians as inferior to themſelves, and thus holding, as it were, a middle place, they found their ſtation, to which they might alſo have been led by ſimilarity of appellation, in

the claſs named Equeſtrian. Even among thoſe Romans who conſtituted a third claſs, and were denominated Plebeians, diſtinctions of rank aroſe, and the numbers of thoſe tribes that reſided in the country held themſelves more reſpectable, as being employed in agriculture, and more independent than thoſe who lived in the city.—Thus a variety of diſtinctions aroſe at Rome. They aroſe gradually, without intention; and almoſt in direct oppoſition to other formal appointments. They even acquired an eſtabliſhment ſo permanent, that the original ſcheme of equality was neglected or ſuperſeded, notwithſtanding the attempts by various Agrarian laws to reſtore it: and that it was not only held proper in a formal manner to ratify diſtinctions of ranks, but to aſſign their badges, define their limits, and aſcertain their privileges.

I have thus endeavoured to illuſtrate, that the equalization of property, notwithſtanding all the plauſible things which may be aſſerted in oppoſition, is impracticable and inexpedient. If therefore any nation, ſtriving to emancipate themſelves from bondage, unfortunately give reaſon to ſuſpect that equalization of rank and property forms a part of their plan, it muſt occaſion as much regret, muſt impede their ſucceſs, and promote an opinion of their judgment almoſt as unfavourable as if they ſtrove to aboliſh religion.

religion. Should they have attempted, or ſeem to have attempted, either the one or the other, the friends of mankind conjure them, in the moſt ſolemn and earneſt manner, and by all the happineſs and improvement they would obtain or produce, as ſoon as poſſible, and with moſt unequivocal zeal, to renounce the deſign or correct the appearance.

N° XXVIII.

——Ita facillimè
Sine invidiâ laudem invenias, et amicos pares. TER.

SIR,

NOTHING is more fashionable at present, in the literary world, than for authors to go a masquerading in fancy dresses, and assume appearances that do not belong to them. Not satisfied with using fictitious signatures, such as Scipio or Lelius, merely with a view to concealment; they wish to impose themselves upon the public as characters altogether different from what they are; and personate Jews, Turks, or Persians. They tell wonderful stories of Monks and Bramins; of legendary tales collected from old women; and of ancient manuscripts found in iron chests, or in vaults under ground. An ingenious young gentleman, of my acquaintance, would long before this time have edified the public with an interesting volume; but that he is much at a loss in the choice of a dress and character. Wishing to command some respect, he was for some time very strongly solicited by the various merits of a Mahometan turban, the cowl of a monk, and a full-bottomed perriwig. He is, indeed, so exceedingly

ceedingly puzzled, that I am afraid he may be reduced to the ſad neceſſity of abjuring his ſex. For, among other devices, it is no unuſual thing at preſent for a baſhful poet, or trembling noveliſt, to aſſume the guiſe of a ſimple gentlewoman, and claim indulgence to a female muſe. However, as Hercules, who had been better uſed to wield a club and flea lions, than to twirl a ſpindle and ſpin woollen yarn, was ſoon diſcovered wearing a bed-gown that belonged to Iolè; and as Achilles, who wanted to paſs for a harmleſs maiden, was found out by ſome odd motions and ſuch uncouth uſe of his legs and arms as were ill-ſuited to a Princeſs; ſo our pretended authoreſſes are, by their tricks and geſtures, very ſoon detected. I have not indeed heard that female writers have aſſumed the bearded dignity of males; for none of them, till very lately, had any occaſion to uſe ſuch artifice. An authoreſs, about a century ago, was quite a prodigy; and the moment a play or romance was publiſhed by a Lady, all the wits of the maſculine gender, calling her a thouſand pretty names, Sappho, Orinda, or Philomela, extolled her as a miracle of nature. Times, however, are now ſo much altered, by the ſkill which women have of late acquired in reading and writing, and ſo little regard is paid to female wits on account of what they are, that I have

no

no doubt of their endeavouring very ſoon to appear what they are not. The Chevalier d'Eon has ſet the example in one department; and if the preſent maſquerading practice among literary perſons continue, it is highly probable we ſhall have old ladies pretending to be phyſicians, judges, or doctors in divinity; and their daughters wielding the grey gooſe quill in the ſhape of ſmart lawyers or dapper captains.

Now, Sir, though ſuch contrivances to procure attention may be thought very clever, I am not certain that they are altogether blameleſs. When they happen to be detected, which is uſually the caſe, with authors who, on gaining ſome little fame, have too much vanity to keep themſelves any longer concealed, they excite ſuch ſuſpicion in the public, that when works of real authenticity which have lain long in obſcurity are announced to the world, no one believes them authentic. I defy any perſon at preſent to publiſh the performance of an Otaheitan Divine, Abyſinian moraliſt, Shawneſe maker of plays, or philoſopher from Nootka-Sound, without incurring the charge of forgery. The unaccountable doubts that have been ſo widely propagated, and ſo readily received, concerning the authenticity both of Oſſian and Rowley, afford a lamentable and ſtriking inſtance. Now, is not all this a very great evil? And does it not ariſe from the cleverneſs

cleverneſs of thoſe authors, who, though good Chriſtians themſelves, and the children of Chriſtian parents, will yet paſs themſelves upon you as worſhippers of Fo, or as ſons of the circumciſed?—In my own ſituation, I feel the grievance with very great aggravation. I have diſcovered, I need not at preſent tell you in what manner, ſeveral manuſcript fragments manifeſtly by ſome of thoſe Engliſh writers who diſtinguiſhed the beginning of the preſent century. But, though I am as ſure of their genuineneſs as of their merit, the critics will be ſo abſurd as to demand more evidence of their authenticity than I can give them. I will, however, as a ſpecimen, tranſmit you a fragment aſcribed to Swift; but which ſeems to me to have been written by Steel, in imitation of Swift, intitled "*Directions* "*for making a figure in company;*" and remain, with ſufficient regard, your obedient ſervant,

BENEDICT.

"IF you would behave manfully and make a "figure in company, reject the common maxim "of being 'ſtudious to pleaſe;' and ſubſtitute "in its place, the deſire of commanding reſpect. "For if you gain reſpect, the power of pleaſing "will follow. The loftineſs you will aſſume, "in conſequence of being reſpected, will make

"others

" others vain of your notice and company.
" They will be pleaſed becauſe they are vain.
" So be proud, and you will pleaſe.

" On this principle, be ſure to ſpeak of your
" great connexions. Daſh familiarity of addreſs,
" and ſtifle the freedom of a reply, by ſpeaking of
" your friend the Duke and your couſin the
" Marquis. Vary this direction according to
" circumſtances, uſing occaſionally, inſtead of
" Dukes and Marquiſes, celebrated ladies, prime
" miniſters, or proud authors. The company
" will thus conceive you to be very great in-
" deed; will be penetrated with diſtant awe;
" and be mightily pleaſed.

" The frequent and confident mention of
" your own peculiar merit is connected with
" the preceding direction. It cannot fail to
" promote your importance, and make you
" highly agreeable.

" You may alſo ſpeak on topics that are not
" very lofty, if they particularly concern your-
" ſelf. Speak about your own eating, and
" drinking, and riding. At any rate be ſure
" you ſuffocate the company with your own
" ordinary deeds and practices. It will make
" you appear highly conſequential, if thoſe
" functions that are uſually thought trifling be
" conſidered as worthy of recital when performed
" by you.—But this, and indeed all ſpeaking,

" is

" is to be managed cautiouſly; for proceeding " from vanity rather than pride, it is ſometimes " attended with danger. It was thus that Sir " Giddy Runabout loſt, or rather never gained " reſpect. 'I rode,' ſaid he, 'forty miles in " 'three hours and a quarter.' 'On important " 'buſineſs, I preſume,' ſaid Doctor Sagely. " 'No buſineſs at all,' anſwered Sir Giddy; but " 'was it not mighty good riding?' 'Was any " 'one with you?' ſaid the Doctor careleſsly. " 'My ſervant,' replied Sir Giddy, ſomewhat " piqued at the queſtion. 'Then your ſer- " 'vant,' retorted the Doctor, 'rode as well as " 'yourſelf.' Sir Giddy whiſtled; and curſed " the weather.

" In rehearſing your own acts and indul- " gences, much depends on your juſtly diſcern- " ing the humour and turn of the company. " Billy Sitwell might have gained all the credit " among one ſet of hearers, which he loſt with " another by telling them, 'We drank each of " 'us three bottles of claret.' 'And had, no " 'doubt, a great deal of converſation,' ſaid one " of the company. 'We drank,' ſaid he, 'our " 'three bottles of claret without uttering a " 'word.'

" Inſtead of ſpeaking a great deal, you will " be more ſucceſsful by being ſometimes myſte-

" rious.

" rious. If I were diſpoſed to be allegorical,
" I would ſay that myſtery was the parent, not
" only of reſpect, but of reverence. So, in this
" view, ſeem to have in your thoughts, or to be
" employed in buſineſs of the utmoſt import-
" ance. Take ſome one of the company aſide;
" or ſpeak to him in ſo low a voice as that no
" one can hear. Look very ſerious. The per-
" ſon you addreſs will eaſily become your dupe;
" he will be ſo vain and conceited as to connive
" with you, like the ſelf-important, but ſilly
" confident of a Legerdemain-man; and, though
" the ſubject be altogether trifling, will alſo
" endeavour, by looking correſpondently conſe-
" quential, to cater ſome ſhare of reſpect.

" Or taking ſome one aſide, ſeem to ſpeak to
" him with an air of authority, as if you were
" directing, or even as if you were reprimand-
" ing him. Not being on his guard, and unpre-
" pared for ſuch an aſſault, he muſt neceſſarily
" look very ſimple; while your dignity muſt riſe
" very conſiderably in the tube of opinion.

" Still uſing myſtery as the road to reſpect—
" I hope there is no evil in changing the
" figure—give hints as if you knew matters of
" great importance; but which, though ſtrongly
" ſolicited, you muſt never reveal. This, how-
" ever, is ſo obvious as to need no enforcement.

" Affect

" Affect abſence and inattention to the pre-
" ſent company and converſation. So that if
" any one ſpeak to you, it will be neceſſary for
" him to repeat what he was ſaying. This will
" give you the air of not regarding the topic
" of diſcourſe, or of undervaluing the company;
" which is indeed truly dignified and very plea-
" ſant. In this view alſo, it is ſometimes uſeful
" and very becoming, ſuperciliouſly to miſtake
" or forget the names of ſome of the company.
" Making them appear inſignificant, makes you
" look great.

" It is not only proper to ſeem myſterious,
" inattentive, and forgetful; it is alſo of vaſt
" advantage to be ſometimes loftily ſilent. If
" you ſee people about you wiſhing to recom-
" mend themſelves by their information or re-
" marks, ſay nothing, look grave or big, or en-
" courage them with a nod or a ſtately ſmile,
" or perhaps occaſionally with one ambiguous
" but ſhort ſentence. Thus they will continue
" to babble, tell you all they know; admire
" your greatneſs, praiſe you to others for your
" affability, and boaſt of the honor of your ac-
" quaintance.

" If the company be much amuſed with
" a lively deſcription, humourous ſong, or
" ſprightly narrative, appear ſerious, perhaps

" tired,

" tired, or condeſcendingly patient; and ſo
" they will think you both great and wiſe.

" A friend of mine, the moment another
" perſon is telling ſome intereſting ſtory, or
" engaged in ſome curious diſcuſſion, jogs you
" on the elbow, ſays he can tell you a better
" ſtory, or give you ampler information on the
" ſubject in queſtion; and ſo makes you loſe
" what you earneſtly or even anxiouſly wiſhed
" to hear. I am not ſure, however, though
" this conduct may indeed proceed from the
" laudable principle of promoting your own
" importance, that it ever anſwers the end. It
" is ſometimes ſo teaſing, and ſo provoking,
" that if the perſon jogged be of an impatient
" humour, he may tell you to hold your tongue;
" and ſuch admonition always deſtroys reſpect.

" You may ſometimes, if you mean to diſ-
" play much intelligence, aſk queſtions of *proper*
" perſons on ſubjects which they know nothing
" about. Compel them to anſwer; and treat
" the ignorance of their reply with a look
" of ſcornful contempt. Nothing can ſet off
" your ſuperiority to more advantage; and, con-
" ſequently, be more conciliating.—No enjoy-
" ment can equal that of Squire Uppiſh when
" he forces a trader of Cheapſide, or a city
" parſon, to gueſs all awry, about the number

" of

" of buſhels or bolls of grain produced from a " certain number of acres. This, however, is " rather an inferior ſort of traffic, and ſhews " more folly and vanity in Squire Uppiſh than " any real dignity.

" Some ſmall matters that belong to the " head of manœuvering deſerve alſo to be attend- " ed to by thoſe who are deſirous of making a " figure in company. It is dangerous in ſuch a " view to hazard a joke, or endeavour to raiſe " a laugh, unleſs you are really poſſeſſed of " talents for wit and humour; for if you make " the attempt unſucceſsfully, your importance " may be greatly impaired. But if a topic be " ſtarted that you know nothing about, and if " you cannot quench the converſation by look- " ing careleſs or ſullen, or at leaſt very lofty, " be ſure you lie in wait for ſome opportunity " of throwing ridicule either on the ſubject or " on ſome of the ſpeakers, and if you are likely " to ſucceed you may follow out your advan- " tage with a horſe laugh and a great deal " of noiſe.

" Should the company, or any of them, ſeem " formidable to your pretenſions while you re- " connoitre them in the drawing-room before " dinner, edge away towards the door, ſo that " when dinner is announced you may have the " beſt chance of walking out immediately, and

" of getting near the head of the table. This
" ſort of promotion will, in ſome caſes, raiſe
" your ſpirits, and contribute to your import-
" ance. If you be ſitting by a perſon of pecu-
" liar modeſty, but who, if he can procure
" attention, may probably be much taken notice
" of, be ſure you damp him as ſoon as poſſible,
" by neglecting him, or treating him ſlightly,
" or by actually leaning forward, and putting
" yourſelf between him and the company.

" Such practices as neat or bloody ſwearing,
" laughing at religion, ſmoking a parſon, or
" making the ladies bluſh by indecent alluſions,
" are now out of faſhion, and therefore need
" not be mentioned. Should they again be-
" come faſhionable, the neceſſary qualifications
" are very eaſily acquired."

N° XXIX.

——— Parcendum teneris. VIRG.

SIR,

I HAVE no doubt but that your retailers of periodical morality are well-intentioned and have done ſome good. Many of you, at leaſt, have afforded the public very agreeable entertainment. I am afraid, however, that ſometimes the indiſcretion and raſhneſs of your repreſentations may have occaſioned a good deal of miſchief. I am myſelf a ſufferer; and have a right, too good a right, to complain.

My huſband, the late Earl of Fairdale, died at an early age. Having lived together very happily, I had no inclination, after his death, to enter again into the gay and the faſhionable world; but devoted myſelf chiefly to the care and education of our children. This employment engaged my attention; and as my boy was lively, and my daughter amiable, for theſe were the whole of my family, and as I ſometimes enjoyed the company of a few ſelect friends, my time for ſeveral years paſſed as agreeably as I could expect. After that, my ſon did not long remain with me. It was held neceſſary that he ſhould

go to a public ſchool; then to the Univerſity; and finiſh his education by going abroad. He is ſince returned, ſees me ſometimes; and is always not only attentive, but affectionate. I cannot expect however, that he is to devote himſelf entirely to me. The amuſements and occupations that belong to perſons of his condition engage ſo much of his time, that I ſee him, I confeſs, but ſeldom.

I am in like manner deprived of my daughter. Yet I muſt not blame her, nor be ſorry for that deprivation. Beautiful and accompliſhed, ſhe married a very deſerving gentleman of great fortune; has a family of her own to ſuperintend; and lives at a conſiderable diſtance. In ſhort, Sir, though my daughter ſees me as often as poſſible; and though I pay her in return very long, and, I am ſure, very acceptable viſits, yet after her marriage I found myſelf much alone.

For ſome time I endeavoured to combat with and brave the languor of ſolitude. I employed myſelf in different kinds of work; I read a good deal, wrote many letters, continued to viſit and receive viſits from my particular friends, and even engaged in the management of a little farm. Still, however, I was lonely; time became quite oppreſſive; I dreaded the hour of dinner when I muſt dine by myſelf; and ſhuddered at the weight of thoſe evening hours that I muſt bear unſupported.

ported. The pain of this ſituation was conſiderably enhanced by my anxious anticipation of old-age and infirmity.

Thus circumſtanced, I found particular ſatisfaction in the viſits of my friend Miſs Elder. She was a gentleman's daughter in the county where I was born. Intimate ſince our infancy, our attachment had ſuffered no interruption. She was indeed very ſenſible and agreeable; took great intereſt in my children; and was altogether a moſt valuable friend and companion. Having ſurvived her brothers and ſiſters, her ſituation, like my own, was ſolitary; and her fortune being inconſiderable, I propoſed to her that ſhe ſhould live with me. I need not tell you, that with all the frankneſs of good ſenſe and affection, ſhe acceded to my propoſal. The event was to me, and I believe to her, a renewal of life. My time now paſſed as comfortably as I could wiſh. We read, walked, went to church, and ſaw company together. Nothing could be more agreeable than the tranquillity of our winter evenings; nothing more ſatisfactory than the arrival of the poſt-man with letters and newspapers. Nor was it a ſmall acceſſion to my happineſs, that Miſs Elder was with me when I received the viſits of my children and little grandchildren. The intimate and agreeable relation that thus ſubſiſted between us was founded on ſimilarity of taſte, early aſſociation, mutual re-

gard, and perfect confidence.—Was it not cruel to deſtroy this connection? Our attachment can never be deſtroyed, nor our affections alienated. But we have been deprived, and in ſome meaſure by a writer of periodical morality, of the chief benefit that reſulted from our ſincere and affectionate union.

Some of your brethren, Sir, are inclined to exerciſe their wit and talents of deſcription, in reviling what they call "the dependents and "favorites of the Great." The manners of ſuch characters as they deſcribe, and the meanneſs too of thoſe who endure them, I will certainly not defend, but reprobate. Yet you ought to diſtinguiſh between the ſervile paraſite and the faithful friend. Thoſe who obſerve human nature muſt aſſuredly know, that friendſhip may ſubſiſt between perſons of different ranks; but who are not different in correctneſs of manners, good principles, and liberal ſentiments. No, Sir, I never required of my friend any improper condeſcenſion; and to improper condeſcenſion ſhe would never have ſtooped. Yet poſſeſſing much delicacy of feeling, and though perfectly conſcious of having no concern in the ridicule thrown out againſt connections between perſons of different conditions; I could not help obſerving, that ſhe was hurt by the peruſal of an inconſiderate paper, that endeavoured with undiſtinguiſhing cenſure to vilify that ſort of friendſhip.

ſhip. You may have often remarked, that perſons of great ſenſibility, though altogether free from the failings incident to the ſituation in which they are placed, for every ſituation is liable to imperfection, are ſometimes affected by the general reproaches thrown out againſt ſuch failings, and eſpecially in hours of occaſional or conſtitutional debility, as if they were themſelves in fault. The delicate terror of incurring reproach, moves them as if they really deſerved it. My excellent friend fell unfortunately into this ſituation; nor could all her good ſenſe and confidence in my eſteem, and conſciouſneſs of having merited no part of the cenſure, preſerve her from the uneaſineſs it was calculated to produce.

Juſt at this unlucky period, my ſon paid me a viſit. He always behaved both to Miſs Elder and me in the kindeſt and moſt reſpectful manner; particularly ſo to my friend, becauſe he knew her value and how valuable ſhe was to me. But he had brought along with him ſome young men, nephews of my late reſpected Lord, who on no occaſion however had paid much attention to me, and who were vainer of their lineage and connection with my ſon, than he of his hereditary honors. You may eaſily conceive, that fancying themſelves withal very faſhionable and debonnair, their behaviour could not be polite. I need not enter into particulars, nor give myſelf the

pain of recalling and deſcribing their conduct. You will think I ſuffer enough when I tell you, that they co-operated ſucceſsfully with your periodical brother, in depriving me of the comfort I enjoyed in the ſociety of my worthy friend. She quitted my houſe ſoon after their departure: and in a very affectionate letter which ſhe wrote to me immediately on her going to town, hinting as ſlightly as poſſible at the cauſe of our ſeperation, ſhe gave me ſufficiently to underſtand, that, meaning henceforward to live by herſelf, our intercourſe could be no more than occaſional.

Thus, Sir, I am again left deſolate; Miſs Elder, I am ſure, is an equal ſufferer; ſo that two perſons without any fault on their part, but living in the moſt inoffenſive and blameleſs manner, are, by the wanton and indiſcreet interference of perſons who had no intereſt in their uneaſineſs, and indeed no concern in their ſituation, rendered very miſerable, or at leaſt deprived of very great conſolation. How inconſiderable or how inadequate ſoever may ſeem the comforts or enjoyments of others, we ought not to meddle nor trifle with them, nor by any means to diſturb them. It is eaſy to occaſion pain; to beſtow happineſs or conſolation, is not ſo eaſy.

I am, Sir,
your obedient Servant,
E. FAIRDALE.

P. S.

P. S. Since writing the above, I underſtand Miſs Elder is very ill; and that her medical friends are alarmed. She ſeems declining both in health and ſpirits. She has herſelf written to me; does not aſk to ſee me, but thinks ſhe cannot live; bequeaths to me her ſmall but elegant collection of books; and recommends to me the care of a young nephew, the ſon of a favorite ſiſter, for whom ſhe purchaſed a commiſſion. I muſt ſee her, and would gladly hope that Dr. Smoothly will inſiſt on her leaving town. I am ſure the country air, eſpecially at my houſe, will do her good. Whatever the event may be, the young gentleman whom ſhe has recommended ſo kindly to my attention, ſhall be to me as a ſon.

N° XXX.

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

WRITERS of reputation are ſurely very blameable, if in times charged with licentiouſneſs they give countenance in their writings to ſuch opinions, how general or how faſhionable ſoever, as tend to impair the foundation of morals, and break down thoſe fences that guard us againſt the exceſſes of profligate diſſipation. Every genuine apoſtle of truth, who believes himſelf capable of inſtructing the public, ought, by ſcorning all improper compliance, to reſpect himſelf, and truſt for the favorable reception of his labours to the goodneſs of mankind, to their capacity of diſcerning merit, and their attachment to the intereſts of virtue. For, licentious as the age may be, there are few perſons who would not wiſh it were otherwiſe; nor even among thoſe who are accounted diſſolute, are there many whoſe theory correſponds with their practice, and who are, with approbation of themſelves, decidedly wicked.

I have been led into theſe obſervations by the following paſſage in Goldſmith's Life of Lord Bolingbroke, where the author inadvertently, or miſled

miſled by a lively compariſon, ſeems liable to no inconſiderable cenſure: "To the aſſemblage," ſays he, "of ſo many gifts from Nature, it was "expected that Art would ſoon give her finiſh-"ing hand; and that a youth begun in excel-"lence, would ſoon arrive at perfection; but "ſuch is the perverſeneſs of human nature, that "an age which ſhould have been employed in "the acquiſition of knowledge, was diſſipated "in pleaſure; and, inſtead of aiming to excel in "praiſe-worthy purſuits, Bolingbroke ſeemed "more ambitious of being thought the greateſt "rake about town. This period might have "been compared to that fermentation in liquors "which grow muddy before they brighten; but "it muſt alſo be confeſſed, that thoſe liquors "which *never ferment* are *ſeldom clear*."

Upon what now, I would aſk, is the obſerva-tion in the cloſe of this ſentence founded? Great abilities, it may be ſaid, are often con-nected with violent and irregular paſſions. But violent and irregular paſſions are neither the cauſes, nor, in reality, are they the genuine ſymptoms of great abilities. What Prior ſaid on another ſubject is, with the neceſſary changes, very applicable to the preſent:

"Yes, every Poet is a fool;
"By demonſtration Ned can ſhew it:
"Happy could Ned's inverted rule
"Prove every fool to be a Poet."

Yet,

Yet, one obvious conſequence of the doctrine in queſtion is, the effect it might have to make vain and licentious young men fancy themſelves endowed with ſuch excellent talents, as that application were needleſs, and that ſelf-command argued weakneſs. Deſirous of finding reſemblance in thoſe abilities which they reckon their own to the great men whom they would admire, diſcovering alſo a ſtriking reſemblance in their vices and follies; for no man, whether great or ſmall, was ever exempted from imperfection; and, inſtructed by the authority of popular writers, that ſuch ſeeming frailties are in fact the indications and forerunners of ſignal merit; they yield to the flattering deluſion, and give looſe reins to outrageous deſire: for, though vanity cannot always perſuade the vain, that they are as great and as praiſe-worthy as they wiſh to be, yet they are very ready and very alert in ſeizing and applying to themſelves whatever evidence ſeems to favor their inclination. Attending to ſigns and ſymptoms, if they diſcover any ſingularity, how trifling ſoever, in the deportment of the great man whoſe character they would emulate; and if they either have, or may eaſily acquire that ſingularity, were it only in his manner of ſitting, walking, or taking ſnuff, they aſſume and diſplay the ſign as an indication of ſimilar ability, or a prognoſtic of future eminence.

nence. A celebrated philoſopher, the author of the "Wealth of Nations," was apt to be very abſent, and particularly remarkable for laughing and ſpeaking to himſelf. I have heard, accordingly, that ſome young perſons who had opportunities of obſerving him, and fancying that they felt in themſelves the workings of ſimilar powers, announced to the world what expectations might reaſonably be entertained of their riſing genius, by conſtantly ſmiling and muttering to themſelves. How much more readily would ſuch ſymptoms and reſemblance be exhibited, whether ſingularities or not, if they tended to the indulgence of thoſe appetites and inclinations which all men have difficulty in reſtraining, and which the diſſolute are ſo prone to indulge? Proportioned to the exceſs of their extravagances, they conceive the power of their underſtanding, and think they are convincing men of their ſuperior talents, while they are only violating the good order and peace of ſociety.

Nor is the moral propoſition implied in the figurative illuſtration, "that thoſe liquors that "never ferment are ſeldom clear," to be received with implicit aſſent. The truth even of the compariſon, though lively and ingenious, is not, without exception, manifeſt: as the labourer, or wayfaring man, who has ſlaked his thirſt

thirſt with the waters of the limped ſpring, will atteſt; and will alſo atteſt that his beverage is not only as clear, but as wholeſome as the fermented juice of barley, grapes, or the ſugar-cane. Much leſs is it a fact, proved by uniform experience, for it ſurely cannot be proved by any antecedent reaſoning, that no man ever appeared diſtinguiſhed for intellectual endowment, whoſe youth had not, by violent and irregular paſſion, been precipitated into enormous exceſs. Two very eminent characters, among others who might be cited on this occaſion, the one of ancient and the other of modern renown; the one illuſtrious in the political buſtle, and the other no leſs ſo in the philoſophical retirement of human life; give full and unequivocal evidence, that the moſt uſeful and ſplendid talents may be connected with the moſt inoffenſive and correct deportment. No man, it has been ſaid by an accurate hiſtorian, has appeared ſince the days of Cicero, who improved ſuch ſuperior talents as he poſſeſſed, with a diligence ſo unremitting; nor is any name among philoſophers, and in philoſophy's ſublimeſt region, more illuſtrious than the name of Sir Iſaac Newton. Yet neither Cicero nor Newton ever claimed indulgence, or ſolicited excuſe, for the extravagances of irregular youth or licentiouſneſs of manhood. We muſt therefore abandon all vulgar and proverbial

verbial maxims, about "sowing wild oats," and "putting old heads on young shoulders," to the dotage of affectionate age, or the partiality of effeminate weakness.

It may also be worth while to consider, how the *fermentation of a strong spirit*, the fermentation of Bolingbroke, since he has given occasion for these remarks, contributed in the course of his long and active life, either to the improvement of his own virtues and talents, or to the benefit of those persons and communities with whom he happened to be connected. After a youth of dissipation and folly, his biographers tell us, that becoming ambitious, and they seem to think his ambition laudable, he aspired at the distinction of being an eminent statesman. He was well qualified, it is said, for such employment; and how virtuously, and how well qualified, after a youth of unrestrained profligacy, will appear in the sequel. Though trained up in such political sentiments as should have attached him to the interests of freedom; yet finding at the commencement of his career, that the Ministry of Britain were influenced by Tory principles, and that he could not rise to the functions and emoluments of office without joining them, he joined unreluctantly in all their measures. Availing himself of this situation, and possessing from Nature very considerable

able abilities, at leaſt ſuperior in many reſpects to thoſe of his colleagues, he gained an aſcendancy in the councils of his ſovereign. Thus promoted, he accompliſhed the diſgrace, as it has been termed, of Marlborough, and the famous or infamous peace of Utrecht. But, partly on account of the indignation which theſe and ſome other parts of his conduct excited, and partly on account of the animoſities ariſing from the envy and jealouſy which ſubſiſted between him and his colleagues, he was ſoon precipitated from the ſeat of authority; and in danger, for his ſuppoſed miſdemeanours, of ſuffering rigorous puniſhment. Not daring, however, to ſtand the trial for which he ſtood impeached; and when he heard that the above-quoted Prior, who had been his agent in tranſacting the peace of Utrecht, was to declare all that he knew of that myſterious tranſaction, he quitted England; and though he had oſtentatiouſly boaſted that he would brave proſecution, he took refuge in France, where he was treated by the French king with the kindneſs due to a benefactor. There alſo he connected himſelf with the Pretender; and laboured, at the hazard of the Britiſh conſtitution, to place him on the Britiſh throne. Unſucceſsful in this attempt, though he had contributed not a little to the calamitous civil war which was terminated by the diſcomfiture

of

of the Earl of Mar at Dumblane; and ſtill wiſhing to enjoy the eſtates and honors he had forfeited in England, he incurred the ſuſpicions of the unfortunate Stuarts, and was diſmiſſed from their councils. He then negotiated unreſervedly with the Britiſh Miniſter at Verſailles; and, obtaining a pardon from the ſovereign whom he had endeavoured to dethrone, he returned to his native country; and to the poſſeſſion of wealth, a conſiderable part of which had accrued to him as the portion of a wife, at that time dead, and from whom, on account of diſagreement for ſuch reaſons as might be expected in a perſon of his abandoned profligacy, he had been ſeparated ſoon after his marriage. But though pardoned, and in the enjoyment not only of independence but opulence; yet, not having been reſtored to all his privileges as a Peer, which had been refuſed him after repeated ſolicitation, and ſtill deſirous of making a figure on the political theatre; he again indulged his reſentment, and devoted the labors of his old age to ſpirited but acrimonious invective againſt the government of thoſe Princes who had releaſed him from want, and reſtored him from exile. Such conſequences enſued from the *fermentation of this ſtrong ſpirit*, to thoſe perſons and communities with whom he happened to be connected.—Nothing has been ſaid concerning the philoſophical or theolo-

gical legacy which he bequeathed to his country; becauſe ſuch a legacy might be expected from ſuch a character, and becauſe to thoſe who are acquainted with the ſubjects of his inquiry, Bolingbroke's attempt to deſtroy the evidence of Revelation, can do little good and little ill.

Another *highly-fermented ſpirit*, and who in ſeveral particulars reſembled Bolingbroke, was Alcibiades. He too, after a courſe of folly and diſſipation, became ambitious of being an eminent leader, and, having atchieved ſome illuſtrious exploits, aroſe to deſerved reputation. But not brooking reproof and chaſtiſement for impious and licentious enormity, he went into exile; joined the enemies of Athens; and in the ſtruggle of the Peloponneſian war, accompliſhed its ſubjugation to Sparta. In this particular he differed from Bolingbroke, who was not able, with many of the abilities and accompliſhments of Alcibiades, to ruin his country. Other characters, of ſimilar talents and ſimilar paſſions, both in ancient and modern times, might be brought into view:—From all *ſuch*, and from all *whom*, may our virtues, and the Power that protects Britain, defend us!

N° XXXI.

——Ingenium res
Adverſæ nudare ſolent, celare ſecundæ. HOR.

THOUGH paſſions, affections, appetites, and deſires are accounted the moſt general ſprings of action among mankind; yet principles of a calmer and leſs impetuous character reſide in the human breaſt; and prompt us to a correſponding, and conſequently to a ſteady, or at leaſt to an uniform tenor of conduct. Of this ſort are the ſenſe of duty, and a regard to the will of the Supreme Being. Of this ſort alſo, are thoſe general rules, that approaching ſomewhat to the nature of habits, as frequently perhaps as paſſions or appetites, eſpecially in the periods of manhood and old age, influence and direct the conduct of mankind. Produced by reaſon and ſentiment, their origin and formation may eaſily be traced and illuſtrated. A perſon in early life is moved by compaſſion to relieve diſtreſs: he receives pleaſure from the indulgence of feeling, and from contemplating the effect of his action: he ſees happineſs produced, or miſery removed; and judges not only from the gratification he obtains, but from the uſeful or important conſequences of his conduct, that he has acted in a

right and proper manner. He therefore reſolves, when opportunities offer, and his ſituation enables him, to relieve diſtreſs. But diſtreſs is afterwards preſented to him when, either from repetition or the influence of a languid mood, he feels little compaſſion; yet in conſequence of the general rule he has formed, he acts as if he felt it; and adminiſters a relief not leſs effectual, for being more rational and diſpaſſionate. Now, ſince general rules are ſo powerful, it is neceſſary that they be judiciouſly and virtuouſly formed; for it ſometimes happens, that men act ſyſtematically or from general rules, without having duly attended to the dignity or purity of the producing principle. The Miſer in Plautus is repreſented as grudging to caſt out the water with which he waſhed himſelf, not ſo much ſurely from any deſire ariſing from the value of dirty water, as from his general rule of ſaving.

Too high a regard however to the opinions of others, and an undue importance annexed to inferior duties, no leſs than an undue affection for matters of inferior conſequence, are the chief cauſes of perverſion or error in the formation of general rules.—Mrs. Tamarind was the only child of a man of great fortune in Jamaica. Poſſeſſing much beauty and accompliſhment, ſhe was married early in life to a very wealthy and agreeable young man, who had been accidentally at King-

ſton,

ſton, but who lived and carried on extenſive buſineſs in London. Her diſpoſitions were originally amiable, and her principles unimpaired; ſhe had therefore no difficulty in diſcharging all the duties of a faithful and affectionate wife. Her regard for her huſband, however, enſlaved her to ſome general rules of conduct, ſo injudiciouſly formed and adopted, as expoſed her to a good deal of inquietude. She had conceived, as Mr. Tamarind was a man of fortune and conſideration, that it was expected his domeſtic eſtabliſhment ſhould be highly elegant, and ſuited to his condition. She was ſo much the more ſolicitous on this account, that being a ſtranger, as it were, in London, ſhe fancied herſelf more liable to error and conſequent cenſure. In ſhort the elegance of her table, and of her houſe, and of her equipage, not ſo much from any gratification of her own vanity, as from a general regard to her huſband's appearance in the world, became her principal care. Charitable, obliging, and attentive to her children, her difficulty and diſtreſs aroſe from the ſtrict and ſevere duty ſhe had impoſed upon herſelf, of having every thing in her houſe ſuited to Mr. Tamarind's dignity. Her ſolicitude became exceſſive: for notwithſtanding her aſſiduity, things did not always anſwer her expectation. The cook did not always prepare an exquiſite or coſtly diſh in a proper manner;

and there might occaſionally be too much, or too little Madeira, employed in dreſſing the turtle. The ſide-board was not always ſo fancifully arranged as it ought to have been; and a ſervant had inattentively given claret to the gueſts, inſtead of burgundy. There might be ſomething wrong in the dreſs of the children; or ſome violent tranſgreſſion of ſymmetry in the order of the ſide-diſhes; "And all this might "make people think very oddly of the manage-"ment of Mr. Tamarind's family." Poſſeſſing great ſenſibility, ſuch incidents aſſailing her by ſurprize, ſhe could not altogether ſmother or conceal her impatience. In vain would her huſband ſay to her, "My dear Laetitia, it is of no ſort of "conſequence;" ſhe could not diſſipate her chagrin; ſo that the ſervants grew ſullen, and the gueſts uneaſy. Superadded to all this, it unfortunately happened, that ſhe fancied a due regard to her huſband's ſituation obliged her to aſſume ſome dignity; and accordingly, not from any inherent arrogance or pride of character, but from conceiving an improper notion of the duty ſhe owed to Mr. Tamarind's rank, ſhe appeared on ſome occaſions diſtant, reſerved, and even ſupercilious. Though haughtineſs was no ingredient in her diſpoſition, yet ſhe ſometimes appeared haughty; and even incurred, though moſt unjuſtly, the reproach of inſolence. In a word, this dutiful and

affectionate

affectionate wife, this ſenſible and kind parent, this indulgent head of a family, notwithſtanding her having been in her infancy ſerved by ſlaves, became ſo difficult to pleaſe, ſo fretful and apparently ill-humoured, that her ſervants dreaded her; her huſband was ſometimes made ſo uneaſy as not to have that comfort under his own roof which he was entitled to expect; her good-natured acquaintance were under reſtraint in her company; and thoſe of a different deſcription were ſometimes cruel enough to be amuſed. Had not Mrs. Tamarind in forming her ſyſtem of domeſtic conduct ſet too much value on matters of inferior importance, ſhe would have enjoyed all that happineſs and that eſteem which ſhe really deſerved; but which, by thus endeavouring to obtain, ſhe loſt.

At this time a very unexpected, and ſeemingly a very diſaſtrous event befel Mrs. Tamarind's family. Her huſband in the prime of life, and in high reputation, was ſeized with a violent fever; and after a few days illneſs, left his children fatherleſs, and his wife, an untimely widow. Having been deeply involved in buſineſs, and the company in which he was concerned having at that time ſuſtained ſome conſiderable loſſes, it was accounted an additional misfortune to his family; that his affairs, though by no means deſperate, were thrown into ſuch

diſorder, as to require a good deal of œconomy in the future management of his fortune. Thus Mrs. Tamarind, deprived of a tender huſband, charged with the care of a boy and two daughters, and reduced from great ſplendor to a very inferior condition, was conſidered by her acquaintance as an object of much compaſſion. They conceived it impoſſible for her to bend her haughty, or accommodate her anxious and too ſuſceptible ſpirit to the humility and reſignation that her ſituation required. "She can never "bear it," ſaid one. "She muſt give up her "equipage," ſaid another. "I cannot think "of calling upon her," ſaid a third, "for ſhe "will think it an inſult." Some apprehended that ſhe could never ſurvive the ſhock; or at leaſt that ſhe would leave England and go with her children to the Continent. But they were all miſtaken. She was indeed afflicted, but not caſt down; ſhe was for ſome time diſconſolate, but not deſpondent; ſhe was ſolicitous, not about her appearance in the world, but about her children; and this ſolicitude calling away her attention from her own peculiar misfortune, tended to allay her grief. The change that had befallen her, freed her from the bondage that had lately haraſſed and confined the motions of her native and amiable diſpoſitions. The ſyſtem that conſtrained her was now unhinged; and

and the general rules that cramped and distorted her conduct were no longer binding. She now felt the force of more important obligations; and adopted a set of duties that were not so much influenced by the opinions of others, as by the discernment of a good understanding, and the affections of a gentle heart. The change in her deportment was soon observed. No longer fretted by attentions to trifling formality; amiable and condescending, she conciliated universal favor; and her acquaintance became her friends. Her son, a very promising boy, is now at Eton; and solicitous, but not too solicitous about his health and welfare, she lives at Datchet, where she conducts or superintends the education of her other children. It gave me the highest satisfaction when I was lately on a visit to a friend at Windsor, to see her neat and elegant mansion. I passed her door in the morning, going to call for a gentleman in her neighbourhood, and as the parlour window was open, notwithstanding the vine that mantled around it, and the shrubbery in the intervening parterre, I could distinguish her at some needle-work with one of her little girls, while the other was reading. In the evening I met them in Windsor-park. They were elegantly dressed in slight mourning; and followed by a gray-haired and affectionate looking footman. Their appearance was even interesting;

tereſting; and, though I am not acquainted with them, my boſom glowed with a ſentiment of ſympathetic delight. "That melancholy event," ſaid I to myſelf, "which ſeemed to this amiable perſon ſo great a calamity, has become a "bleſſing to herſelf and her children. It has "enabled her to do juſtice to her own virtues; "and has delivered her from reſtraints that, "growing daily ſtronger, might have at length "prevented her from diſcharging real and important duties."

N° XXXII.

Saxa et ſolitudines reſpondent. Cic.

THE poetical inſcription, as it has been exemplified by eminent writers, both ancient and modern, may be conſidered as a diſtinct ſpecies of poetical compoſition. We may therefore, in aſcertaining its merits, conſider the ſpecific principle on which it is founded; and eſtimate its execution, in particular inſtances, according to their conſiſtency with the prevailing principle.

The deſign of the poetical inſcription is to inform the reader, or call his attention to what, it is ſuppoſed, he would not otherwiſe have known or attended to; and to excite in him, as flowing from the incident, object, or fact ſuggeſted, ſome ſuitable ſentiment or reflection. The things ſuggeſted to our obſervation may either be paſt or preſent. The Epitaph, for example, is a monumental inſcription ſuggeſting paſt events; and ſuggeſting in particular, with ſome feelings of ſorrow, the reſpectful or affectionate remembrance of the dead.

The monitory, rural, and moral inſcription, which we are now conſidering, may alſo regard paſt events; but is chiefly or very often connected

nected with preſent objects. It is very often intended to excite ſome particular feeling, and correſponding reflection, by fixing our attention on thoſe circumſtances in the ſcene, that have a natural tendency to excite ſuch feeling or reflection.

But here it may be aſked, "Why point out "circumſtances that are themſelves obvious? "If a landſcape has a natural tendency to excite "certain thoughts and ſentiments, theſe will "ariſe, without the intruding aid of the moni- "tory inſcription."—We may obſerve however, in reply, that ſuch thoughts and ſentiments will not always ariſe, even though the ſcenery be well fitted for exciting them. The intereſting tints and features of a beautiful landſcape do not preſent themſelves, even to perſons of taſte and experience, on a curſory view. Nor have even ſuch perſons inconſiderable enjoyment in perceiving, if they are themſelves touched by real excellence, that their feelings are in uniſon with thoſe of the artiſt. We will however allow, that the particular beauties of a fine field or country, conſidered as unconnected with one another, may attract the notice of the ſuſceptible or intelligent paſſenger; yet he may not diſcern their general effect in combination with one another; while, at the ſame time, he recognizes all that excellence, the inſtant it is duly ſuggeſted. He

may

may pronounce the tree, the rock, or the meadow, conſidered even detachedly from one another, uncommonly beautiful; but he cannot at once diſcern, or receive pleaſure from their effects, in union, and blended in one aſſemblage. An inſcription, therefore, aſcertaining either directly or indirectly the character of a landſcape, whether it be gay or ſolemn, ſoft or melancholy, terrible or tranquil, and awakening correſpondent reflections, has ſurely, when properly executed, a very pleaſing effect.

An inſcription, however, can ſcarcely be improperly executed, if the writer give due attention to the three captivating graces, the graces of *perſpicuity*, *brevity*, and *ſimplicity*; and if, at the ſame time, he expreſs himſelf in a manner ſuitable to his ſubject. It is indeed obvious, as the deſign of an inſcription is ſecondary, for the reader is ſuppoſed to be chiefly occupied in contemplating the things around him, that it muſt be ſo clear as to occaſion no trouble in conceiving it; ſo ſhort, as not to engage too much attention; and that the thought it conveys muſt ſeem ſo natural, and ſo much the reſult of the object itſelf, that the reader ſhall have the great enjoyment of almoſt anticipating the reflection, or of being ſurprized at his not having done ſo. The particulars in the deſcriptive part cannot

with propriety be very numerous; nor will the Poet indulge his fancy, in preſenting any more images than what are neceſſary for impreſſing the ſentiment. Not more too than one reflection, and that alſo rather hinted than formally or fully expreſſed, ought ever to have admiſſion into the truly ſimple and intereſting inſcription. Is it neceſſary to add, that as it neither expreſſes, nor intends to excite any violent paſſion, it affects no irregular or very figurative language? The diction, while perfectly correct, is not permitted to be oſtentatious. Without the labor of inverſion, the pomp of epithet, and glare of imagery, it muſt aim at no other excellence than eaſily and plainly to convey the intended ſentiment. Several of theſe particulars are well illuſtrated in Shenſtone's inſcription on a Gothic Alcove.

O ye that bathe in courtly bliſs,
Or toil in fortune's giddy ſphere;
Do not too raſhly deem amiſs,
Of him that bides contented here.

Nor yet diſdain the ruſſet ſtole,
Which o'er each careleſs limb he flings;
Nor yet deride the bleechen bowl
In which he quaffs the limpid ſprings, &c.

So may he pardon fraud and ſtriſe,
If ſuch in courtly haunt he ſee:
For faults there be in buſy life,
From which theſe peaceful glens are free.

Though

Though this inſcription be ſimple, and penſive both in ſentiment and expreſſion, yet, to a reader of very accurate taſte, it may ſeem to be ſomewhat redundant. Is it not too diffuſe both in ſentiment and detail of circumſtances?

The inſcriptions indeed of moſt modern writers tranſgreſs againſt the canon of brevity; and are, in this reſpect, not only different from, but inferior to many of thoſe that remain from antiquity. May I alſo be permitted to ſay, that they are ſometimes too numerous? Or ſhall I be held guilty of ſacrilegious diſreſpect for the elegant and gentle divinity of rural taſte, ſhould ſuch a divinity be allowed to have at leaſt a poetical exiſtence, if I venture to hint, that they are too numerous even at the Leaſowes? Without agreeing with Wheatley in his diſlike to, or, at leaſt, in his no great love of inſcriptions, I muſt however admit that they ought to be uſed only on very ſtriking occaſions, and ought not to obtrude too frequently on the thoughtful ſolitude of the rural w[illegible]

Though the embelliſhments of imagery, and ſtudied ornaments of expreſſion be inconſiſtent with the ſimplicity or with the plainneſs of inſcriptive writing, yet the general plan or deſign of the poetical inſcription may derive ſome romantic beauty from the direct, and very often from the indirect delineations of fanciful ingenuity.

nuity. If, for inſtance, a hermitage be pointed out to us, we think of the hermit, and of his devotional character; ſo that if the inſcription be invented as his prayer, or addreſs, either to a tutelary Being, or any of the ſurrounding objects, it conveys to us a very intereſting view of his ſituation and temper. Father Francis's prayer, by Weſt, has ſuggeſted the remark, rather than furniſhed the illuſtration.

> Ne gay attire, ne marble hall,
> Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall, &c.:
> Ne power, ne ſuch like idle fancies,
> Sweet Agnes! grant to Father Francis, &c.

In like manner groteſque ſcenery, with rocks, woods, and ſtreams, may, to poetical imaginations, like thoſe of Shenſtone and Akenſide, ſuggeſt not improperly, the notion of Dryads, Naids, or Fairies.

> Here, in cool grot or moſſy cell,
> We rural fays and fairies dwell, &c.

In the inſcription on a ſtatue of Time, by Poſeidippus, the perſonified divinity is repreſented as anſwering the queſtions of a paſſenger.

Τίς πόθεν ὁ πλαστής; κ.τ.λ.

"The Maker whence?"—"From Sicyon"—"What his name?" "Lyſippus"—"Who art thou?"—"All-conquering Time." "Why on thy tiptoe rais'd?"—"I always run."

"Thy

"Thy feet are wing'd?"—"My ſpeed is like the wind."
"Why in thy hand a razor?"—"I inflict.
"Wounds ſharper than a ſword."—"A bushy lock
"Upon thy forehead waves?"—"That thoſe who meet,
"May ſeize me."—"But behind thy head is bald?"
"In vain would he, who lets me paſs, recall
"Or ſtay me. Stranger! in the public view,
"For thy behoof, thus faſhion'd, was I plac'd."

It was obſerved, that the monitory, or rural inſcription, though chiefly intended for preſent objects, might ſometimes, however, have a reference to paſt events. If any part of a landſcape has been the ſcene of ſome famous action, the mention of it may not only afford amuſement, but excite very proper reflections. Of this kind is Akenſide's ſpirited, yet ſolemn inſcription for a pillar at Runnymede.

O Stranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms,
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king,
Then render'd tame, did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom, &c.

Perſons of unqueſtioned taſte have ſometimes, with ſingular felicity of application, employed as inſcriptions, paſſages ſelected from claſſical authors. At Hagley, after walking through ſhady receſſes, and lofty groves, where the view is a good deal confined, and where the ſentiments excited are penſive, or even tinged with melancholy,

choly, you are carried up gradually, and almoſt imperceptibly, to an eminence. You emerge from the ſhade into clear and open ſunſhine. Inſtead of a very limited view, you have before you a wide and extenſive proſpect. As far as the eye can extend, you ſee a cultivated and populous country; woods, corn-fields, meadows, towns, churches, and even palaces, are ſcattered in gay and luxuriant profuſion before you. The whole is bounded, and ſometimes diverſified, by diſtant and lofty mountains. In contemplating this gorgeous landſcape the mind is elated, and feels exultation. But while you are gazing with aſtoniſhment at the magnificent proſpect, an inſcription attracts your notice; and you read from Milton,

> Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
> All-mighty! thine this univerſal frame
> Thus wond'rous fair!——

When the mood ſubſides, the mood almoſt of ecſtaſy, into which a heart even of ordinary ſenſibility is apt to be thrown upon ſuch an occaſion, it is impoſſible not to think of Littleton, the great, the virtuous, and the pious Littleton: we tread, as it were, on conſecrated ground; we think of the intercourſe which he might have held in theſe ſacred receſſes with enlightened and congenial ſpirits; and we regard him in our ſecret thoughts with reverential eſteem.

N° XXXIII.

Sunt certi denique fines. HOR.

A COALITION of a very pleaſing nature has been attempted by ſome Britiſh artiſts, between poetry and painting. Poetry and painting are no doubt congenial arts. They have ſome principles or eſſential qualities in common, and denote ſimilar energies in the mind of the poet and painter.

It is therefore exceedingly pleaſing to ſee the fine fancy of the poet, particularly the bold and ſtriking imagery of Shakeſpeare, as exhibited in the Shakeſpeare-Gallery, realized by the pencil; and diſplayed, as it were, not only to mental, but actual viſion.

But the obſervation is no leſs juſt in criticiſm than in morals, that where we enjoy a great deal of pleaſure, we alſo encounter a good deal of danger. Pleaſing as on many occaſions may be the effects of this combination between two of the moſt elegant arts, it ought not to be attempted in any inſtance, without cautious deliberation and acute diſcernment. In particular, much diſcernment and good taſte are required for aſcertaining what paſſages in a poem are proper

ſubjects for painting. Here the admirers of painting and the partiſans of its alliance with poetry may be inclined to aſk, Are not all fine paſſages in a poem fit to be delineated by the painter; are not the arts congenial, and are they not produced by ſimilar energies? They are admitted to be congenial; but ſome diſtinctions muſt be attended to. Let it be particularly attended to and remembered, that what is highly poetical is not always pictureſque. Many fine thoughts of the poet, and many objects preſented by him to the mind, cannot by all the creative power of lines, colours, and ſhades be rendered viſible. Can any grief be more natural than that of Cordelia, when ſhe is informed how cruelly her ſiſters have treated their father? But who can pourtray the feelings that ſhrink from notice, as the ſenſitive plant from the touch; that veil themſelves with reſerve; that fly even from conſolation, and hide themſelves in the ſecret mazes and myſterious ſanctuaries of the heart?

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. I ſay ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel like,
Sought to be king over her.

Kent. O, then, it moved her.

Gent.

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt: You have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once. Thoſe happieſt ſmiles
That played on her ripe lip ſeem'd not to know
What queſts were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Once or twice
She heav'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart,
Cry'd, Siſters! Siſters! What? i' th' ſtorm of night
Let pity ne'er believe it! then ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And then retir'd to deal with grief alone.

In like manner, the ſublime and awful viſion, in the book of Job, the indiſtinct form of the ſpirit, the portentous ſilence, and the ſolemn voice, ſhake and appal the ſoul; but ſet at defiance all the ſkill and dexterity of the moſt ingenious artiſt.

"In thoughts from the viſions of the night,
"when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came
"upon me, and trembling, which made all my
"bones to ſhake. Then a ſpirit paſſed before
"my face; the hair of my fleſh ſtood up: it
"ſtood ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form
"thereof; an image was before mine eyes;
"there was ſilence, and I heard a voice."

In fact, perſons of real candour, who are capable of diſcerning, and of giving attention to the beauties of nature, will acknowledge the exiſtence of many fine and ſtriking landſcapes which cannot be imitated or diſplayed by the painter. Exquiſite ſcenery, without being pictureſque, may be diſtinguiſhed both for beauty and grandeur. Or ſhall we ſay, as I have heard aſſerted by ſome faſhionable connoiſſeurs, that nothing in external nature, no combination whatever of water, trees, and verdure, can be accounted a beautiful object, unleſs it can be transferred to the canvaſs. Contrary to this, it may at leaſt be doubted, whether many delightful paſſages, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, both at the Leaſowes and among the lakes in Cumberland, though gazed at with tenderneſs, or contemplated with admiration, would not baffle all the power of the pencil. Though poetry ought to be like painting, yet the maxim or rule, like many other ſuch rules and maxims, is not to be received without due limitation.

It is therefore the duty of the painter, who by his art would illuſtrate that of the poet, to conſider in every particular inſtance, whether the deſcription or image be really pictureſque. I am loth to blame where there is much to commend, and where the artiſt poſſeſſes high and deſerved reputation. But will it not be admitted

that

that the picture by Reynolds, which repreſents the death of Cardinal Beaufort as deſcribed by Shakeſpeare, is liable to the cenſure of injudicious ſelection in the choice of a ſubject? Or is it poſſible for any colouring or delineation to convey the horror of the ſituation ſo impreſſively as in the words of the Poet?

Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
King. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!—
Lord Cardinal, if thou thinkeſt on Heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no ſign:—O God, forgive him!

The ſubject is entitled to more particular conſideration.—Certain diſpoſitions of mind produce great effects on the body; agitate the whole frame; impreſs or diſtort the features. Others again, more latent, or more reſerved, ſuppreſs their external ſymptoms, ſcorn or reject, or are not ſo capable of external diſplay; and occaſion no remarkable, or no immediate change in limb, colour, or feature. Such peculiar feelings and affections, averſe to render themſelves viſible, are not fit ſubjects for that art which affects the mind, by preſenting to the eye the reſemblant ſigns of its objects. Deſpair is of this number: ſuch utter deſpair as that of Cardinal Beaufort. It will not complain, for it expects no redreſs; it will not lament, for it deſires no ſympathy;

brooding upon its hopeleſs affliction, it neither weeps, nor ſpeaks, "nor gives any ſign." But, in the picture under review, the painter repreſents the chief character in violent and extreme agitation. Nor is even that agitation, if we allow deſpair to diſplay agitation, of a kind ſufficiently appropriated. Is it the ſullen anguiſh, the ſuppreſſed agony, the horrid gloom, the tortured ſoul of deſpair? No: It is the agitation of bodily pain. The poor abject ſufferer gnaſhes his teeth, and writhes his body, as under the torment of corporal ſuffering. The anguiſh is not that of the mind.—No doubt, at a preceding moment, before his deſpondency was completely ratified, the poet repreſents him as in great perturbation; but the affliction is from the pangs of death.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

But after his deſpair receives full confirmation from the heart-ſearching ſpeech of Henry, his feelings are ſeared with horror, and his agony will "give no ſign." For the moment of the picture is not when Beaufort is ſaid to be grinning with mortal anguiſh; but the more awful moment, when having heard the requeſt of Henry, he ſinks, of conſequence, into the deepeſt deſpondency. Before that, it would have been no other than the picture of a man, of any man whatever,

whatever, expiring with bodily pain. If indeed the picture is to expreſs any thing peculiar or characteriſtic, it muſt be deſpair formerly excited, but now ratified and confirmed by the ſpeech of Henry.

King. Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on Heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no ſign:—O God, forgive him!

In ſhort, the paſſage, highly ſublime and affecting, as it muſt be acknowledged, is more poetical than pictureſque: and the artiſt has waſted, on an ill-choſen ſubject, his powers, rather of execution in this inſtance, than of invention. Surely we ſee no maſterly invention in the preternatural being placed behind or beſide the Cardinal; for though the poet has ſaid, in the character of Henry, that a "buſy meddling "fiend was laying ſiege to his ſoul;" yet as the ſpeaker did not actually ſee the fiend, there was no occaſion for introducing him, like the devil in a puppet-ſhow, by the ſide of his bed. Nor is there much invention in the ſtale artifice of concealing the countenance of the king, becauſe his feelings could not be painted. In fact, the affectionate aſtoniſhment and pious horror of Henry were fitter for delineation, than the ſilent, ſullen, and uncommunicative deſpair of Beaufort.

The

The rage of delineating to the eye all that is reckoned fine in writing may be illuſtrated alſo, in the performances of other able and famous artiſts. In Gray's Ode on the Spring, we have the following allegorical deſcription:

Lo! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Diſcloſe the long expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year.

The hours accordingly, adorned with roſes diſpoſed as the Poet deſcribes them, are repreſented on canvaſs, as a company of jolly damſels, twitching or pulling another very beautiful and buxom female, who is repreſented as ſleeping on a bank, and clothed with a purple petticoat. Seeing ſuch things, it is impoſſible not to think of Quarles's or Hugo's emblems. The thought, "who ſhall deliver me from this body "of ſin and death," is preſented to the eye, in one of them, by the figure of a man encloſed within the ribs of a monſtrous and hideous ſkeleton. In truth, the inventor of the prints in ſome editions of the Pilgrim's Progreſs (where, among others, Chriſtian is repreſented as trudging along like a pedlar, with a burden on his back) is entitled to the merit of priority in the extravagance of ſuch inventions; for let it be remembered, that it is only againſt extravagancies and miſapplications, and not againſt the invention itſelf, that I have ventured to remonſtrate.

N° XXXIV.

Sic poſitæ quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores. VIR.

THE following contributions from ſome literary friends being ſeverally too ſhort for ſeparate papers, I hope my critical readers will forgive the want of unity with which I may perhaps be charged, for thus preſenting them in one communication.

SIR,

AT a time when ſo much is ſaid and written about Freedom and Independence, perhaps ſome of your readers may be amuſed, or even inſtructed, by the ſentiments of Cicero, delivered in one of his paradoxes, on a ſpecies of Freedom, not the leaſt conducive, or the leaſt important to the attainment of human happineſs.

ELEUTHEROPHILUS.

" The wiſe man alone is free, and
" Every fool is a ſlave."

Let him be praiſed as a great commander; let him have, and be thought worthy of this appellation.

appellation. But in what manner, and what freeborn man, ſhall that perſon command, who cannot govern his own deſires? Let him rein his licentious appetites, moderate his reſentment, reſtrain his deſire of wealth, and expunge every filthy ſtain from his ſoul. Let him then think of governing others, when he ſhall have withdrawn his own obedience from the moſt tyrannical maſters, from baſe and diſgraceful poſſeſſions.

What, therefore, is Freedom? The power of living as you pleaſe. But who lives as he pleaſes? He alone who acts according to reaſon; who rejoices in doing his duty; whoſe life is regulated by a rational plan; whoſe motive in obeying the laws is not fear, but conviction of their utility; who neither acts nor ſpeaks, nor even thinks, but with freedom and ſelf-command; whoſe purpoſes and actions have their origin in himſelf; and to whom, though her authority be deemed ſupreme, even Fortune herſelf ſubmits.

The wicked are therefore ſlaves. Not indeed, like thoſe bondſmen who are rendered ſuch by the right of their maſters, or the appointment of law. But if the obedience of a broken ſpirit, of a ſpirit caſt down, and without freedom of will, be ſlavery, who can deny that all licentious, covetous, and inhuman perſons are ſlaves?

Shall

Shall I reckon that man free whom a woman commands? whom, according to her humour, ſhe directs, orders, and forbids? who is incapable of reſiſting her power; and who dare not but comply with her pleaſure? Does ſhe aſk? He muſt give. Does ſhe call? He muſt anſwer. Does ſhe diſmiſs him? He muſt depart. Does ſhe threaten? He muſt quake.—A perſon thus commanded is not only a ſlave, but though deſcended of illuſtrious lineage, a ſlave of the loweſt order.

As, in a family containing many ſlaves, ſome, as they themſelves apprehend, are more dignified than others, but are ſtill in a ſtate of bondage; ſo thoſe perſons who have an immoderate paſſion for ſtatues and pictures, engraved ſilver, Corinthian workmanſhip, and magnificent buildings, are ſlaves of a higher rank, grooms of the chamber, or ſtewards of their own indiſcretion! —"I have been," you tell me, "a great mili-"tary commander; inveſted with high autho-"rity; and a governor of provinces."—Let your ſoul be worthy of your renown. A picture of Echion, or a ſtatue of Polycletus, rivets your fond attention. I ſay not whence you ſtole or robbed them, or how they are yours. But when I ſee you doating, and gazing, and exclaiming in ecſtaſies of admiration, "Are "they not very fine!" I judge you in a ſtate of thraldom, and the bondſman of folly.

Let Marcus Curius ariſe from the dead; or any of thoſe in whoſe houſes, either in town or in the country, nothing worthy of admiration was ever ſeen, but *themſelves*; let him obſerve a chief magiſtrate, promoted to the higheſt offices by the favor of his fellow-citizens, ſweeping fiſh out of a fiſh-pond, handling them with voracious affection, and exulting in his lampreys; would they not reckon him a ſlave of endowments ſo very mean, as to be fit only for the office in which he delights?

To what painful obſervance does not that perſon ſubmit who lies in wait for a legacy? How he watches every nod of an opulent and childleſs miſer! ſpeaks as he would have him; does all he requires; hangs upon him; ſits by him; and offers him gifts! Are theſe the actions of a free-born man?—They are the actions of a pitiful ſlave!

What a rigorous miſtreſs is that deſire, apparently more liberal, the deſire of diſtinction, of authority, and of dominion! how abſolute, and how imperious? By her are men condemned to the meaneſt ſubmiſſion, to praiſe the profligate, and court the vulgar. Men of hereditary honors and of high reputation paid court to Cethegus! waited upon him! loaded him with preſents! and prayed, and beſought him!—What is bondage if this be freedom?

Still

Still further, when the tyranny of deſires has ceaſed, another deſpot ſucceeds. Fear ariſes from conſcious guilt. How unbounded is the power of a judge! what a terror to evil-doers! and is terror of any kind any other than bondage?

We have argued enough. "The wiſe man "alone is free, and every fool is a ſlave."

SIR,

THE following lines are part of an unfiniſhed poem. You may perhaps find a place for them in ſome grave lucubration.

FALSE PLEASURE,

A FRAGMENT.

——Envious of mankind,
When bleſs'd with equal rule their virtues riſe,
And bloſſom, and produce the fruits of love,
Concord, and friendſhip, and ſerene delight;
By fiends deputed, envious of mankind,
Born of gay Luxury, Falſe Pleaſure ſpeeds
To blaſt the beauteous ſcene. In bright attire,
She comes with courtly geſture; and her ſpeech
With winning accent flows. O bar your ears

Againſt

Againſt the dire enticement! Nor allow
Her thrilling lay to gain and ſteep your hearts
In the lewd ecſtaſy. Whoever yields
To her ſoft-dittied ſtrain, ſhall rue erelong
With ſore contrition: or all ſenſe of right
Raz'd from his ſoul, ſhall glory in a ſhape
Transform'd to brutal. For the witching ſong
Lures the free ſpirit from her lofty courſe,
And ſoaring progreſs mid aerial tracts,
Daſhes and ſoils her plumage that erewhile
Shone like th' Arabian Phœnix, in the mire
And filth of ſordid paſſion. Then, adieu
The towering thought! Corruption feſt'ring deep,
Grapples, with canc'rous fang, the heart that heaves
Reluctant, ſoon in ev'ry cell and pore,
To guſh with livid venom. Then, alas!
The pleading eye of Pity; Mercy's ſmile;
Truth's lofty forehead challenging the ſtorm
That on its marble, like the breath of even,
Sighs ineffectual; Fortitude that graſps
A mountain oak, and marches firm athwart
The fury of a flood; th' ingenuous bluſh
That tinges with unbidden glow, the cheek
Of meek-ey'd Modeſty; no longer charm;
Nor kindle ſympathetic fires; nor wake
The wiſh to imitate, and win like charms,
And clothe the ſoul with honor. Holy Power!
Genius of lofty minſtrelſy, by whom
The heart, while melted, is enlarg'd, and free'd
From bonds of ſelfiſh and impure deſire,
O Virtue! when the tainted heart nor feels

Thy

Thy grandeur, nor thy loveliness, adieu
The manly enterprise! the bold design!
And thou, fair Liberty, adieu!—Awake,
Masters of song! wake from your heedless trance!
And hurl the light'ning of bold verse! defend
The fane of virtuous Freedom. ******

SIR,

THE sentiment and imagery in some of Horace's Odes, notwithstanding their alcaic or saphic measure, seem appropriated to elegiac, rather than to lyric poetry. Of this sort is the celebrated *Ode to Dellius*; and therefore, in the following imitation, I have employed that kind of alternate verse which is generally used in our language by the writers of elegy,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

I.

SINCE death, my Dellius, is the lot of all;
And you must sink beneath his powerful hand;
Attend to Wisdom's voice, to Reason's call:
Your warring passions, and your heart command.

II.

When ſtorms of adverſe fate your ſoul oppreſs;
When Fortune's ſunſhine, bids the tempeſt fly—
The plaintive murmurs of your heart ſuppreſs;
Suppreſs the folly of tumultous joy.

III.

For know, my Dellius, 'tis of no avail,
Whether you paſs your fleeting days in grief;
Or, on the boſom of a ſilent vale,
From wine ſolicit and obtain relief.

IV.

Where, with the poplar's intertwiſting boughs,
The lofty pine affords a grateful ſhade;
And in meanders, trembling as it flows,
The rill would run, but loiters in the glade.

V.

Call for Falernian wine, for ſoft perfume;
Call for the roſe, ſweet emblematic flower!
The ſhort-liv'd roſe! and in your early bloom,
Enjoy, while Fate allows, the feſtive hour.

VI. Ere-

VI.

Erelong, from earth my Dellius muſt depart;
Your groves and palace ſhall be yours no more:
When Death ſhall pierce you with unerring dart,
Your heir will riot in your treaſur'd ſtore.

VII.

If rich or poor, alike will be our fate;
We all muſt tread th' inevitable road:
Uncertain when, but certain ſoon or late,
We all muſt quit this tireſome—dear abode

Nº XXXV.

Vivite felices. VIR.

IF perſons of delicacy and conſideration, wiſhing to appear agreeable, feel difficulty in preſenting themſelves to company whom they reſpect, or with whom they are unacquainted; they muſt feel the ceremony of taking leave no leſs difficult and embarraſſing. In ſome caſes, particularly when intimate friends or near relations are to part for a long time, and eſpecially with the uncertain proſpect of ever meeting again, the taſk of ſaying farewell is ſo very painful that it is often avoided. It is alſo very often avoided on the departure of friends and acquaintance who are not to be far, or long ſeparated from one another; becauſe on ſuch occaſions it appears not only formal, but ſomewhat obtruſive. Yet when the ceremony is accounted proper or neceſſary, it is at leaſt as difficult as the introductory addreſs, and its conſequences more important. Though a perſon may not enter a room in the moſt graceful manner, or even though his firſt impreſſion be unfavorable, he has opportunities during his ſtay in company, by courteſy, good-ſenſe, or agreeable humour, of recommending

mending himſelf to his new acquaintance, and of conciliating their good opinion. But they who are ſo unfortunate at parting, as to leave a diſagreeable impreſſion, ſuſtain an irreparable loſs; their doom ſeems irrevocable, for they are bereft of every opportunity of regaining the character they may have forfeited. They muſt depend for a favorable report, or rather for eſcaping cenſure, on the precarious boon of good-natured apology, or indulgent ſilence.

I now feel myſelf in this ſituation. The pretence of tenderneſs would on the preſent occaſion, be a ridiculous reaſon for an abrupt ceſſation of intercourſe between me and my readers. Nor ſhould I think my treatment of them were as reſpectful as I truſt they deſerve, if I diſcontinued my viſits without announcing my purpoſe. I have therefore to diſcharge the very critical function; and to fulfil what ſeems to me the very difficult office of ſaying farewell.

As however ſome preparation is neceſſary for the performance of every duty in life, whether of great or of ſmall importance; ſo alſo, in the duty, if I may ſo term it, of taking leave: And thoſe perſons who, during their ſtay in company, have, with no improper reſpect for themſelves, been deſirous of pleaſing and doing good, will probably have more to ſupport them than the mere

mere conſciouſneſs of good intention, and will therefore be leſs embarraſſed at their departure, than if by awkwardneſs of behaviour, wayward-neſs of humour, or impropriety of conduct, they were afraid of incurring reproach. The ſame thing applies to the writer, and eſpecially to the periodical writer, who would pleaſe and inſtruct. Seneca tells us, that he endeavoured to employ every day of his life as if it eventually might be his laſt; ſo, if ſmall matters may be compared with great, the periodical inſtructor ought to compoſe every diſcourſe or eſſay with as much care and circumſpection as if he were probably to write no more, and as if the impreſſion it left were to determine the character and fate of the whole. I hope therefore I ſhall not ſeem preſumptuous if I now adminiſter to myſelf ſome portion of this ſoothing and exhilarating conſciouſneſs. But on this topic, though it may be mentioned, it would be unbecoming to expatiate. —Thoſe who take leave of their friends are ſo much the more ſolicitous about their mode of departure, if they wiſh to return, or to be recalled. I, too, feel a degree of ſolicitude concerning the propriety of my valediction, proportioned to the deſire I have of exciting ſo much regret in my readers as that they ſhould wiſh our intercourſe might be renewed. How happy

ſhould

ſhould I be, if I might ſay, with a little alteration, in the words of an agreeable poet,

"So ſweetly they bade me adieu,
"I thought that they bade me return!"

Having this wiſh, and perhaps this expectation, (if exertion and good intention may entitle me to expectation,) it is not to be ſuppoſed that I ſhall reveal more than I have done concerning the author or authors of the preceding eſſays. If the myſtery be worth revealing, it is worth a little longer ſuſpenſe.

On parting with thoſe whoſe good, or whoſe kind opinion we are deſirous of gaining or of preſerving, we ſometimes offer them gifts; we wiſh them to retain ſome memorial of our eſteem, and ſome remembrancer of mutual affection. But, to my indulgent readers, can I offer any more than I have done? Can I deviſe any more affectionate token of my regard than I have already tendered? Have I not endeavoured to amuſe and inſtruct them by preſenting to them the fruits of my vigils; the effects of my obſervation, ſo far as I am capable of obſerving; the reſult of ſuch knowledge, and the labours of ſuch invention as I poſſeſs? All therefore that remains is to offer them the expreſſion of my ſincere and ardent wiſhes; and no one ſurely can entertain any doubt concerning the ſincerity and ardour of my wiſhes, that thoſe who honor

theſe papers with a peruſal may derive ſome inſtruction; or, at leaſt, as much amuſement from reading, as I have done from compoſing them. For they have amuſed my leiſure; have relieved the ſolitude of a winter evening, or enhanced the enjoyment of a ſummer walk: they have afforded me relaxation from the diſcharge of important duties; have wiled away ſome hours, which might otherwiſe have been afflicted with languor; have furniſhed ſome topics for the animated diſcuſſions of friendſhip. And as every one, in this varied journey of human life, has ſome appropriated cares and ſorrows, they have occaſionally alleviated or turned away my attention from ſuch cares and ſorrows, whether real or imaginary, as are peculiarly mine. That in like manner they may amuſe the leiſure, ſolace the fatigue, relieve the languor, animate the ingenuity, reſtore the vigour, or divert the ſolicitude of my readers, is certainly my ardent and ſincere deſire. If they ſhould do more, and alſo contribute to their inſtruction, my enjoyment muſt, without doubt, receive various and great addition.

THE END.

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